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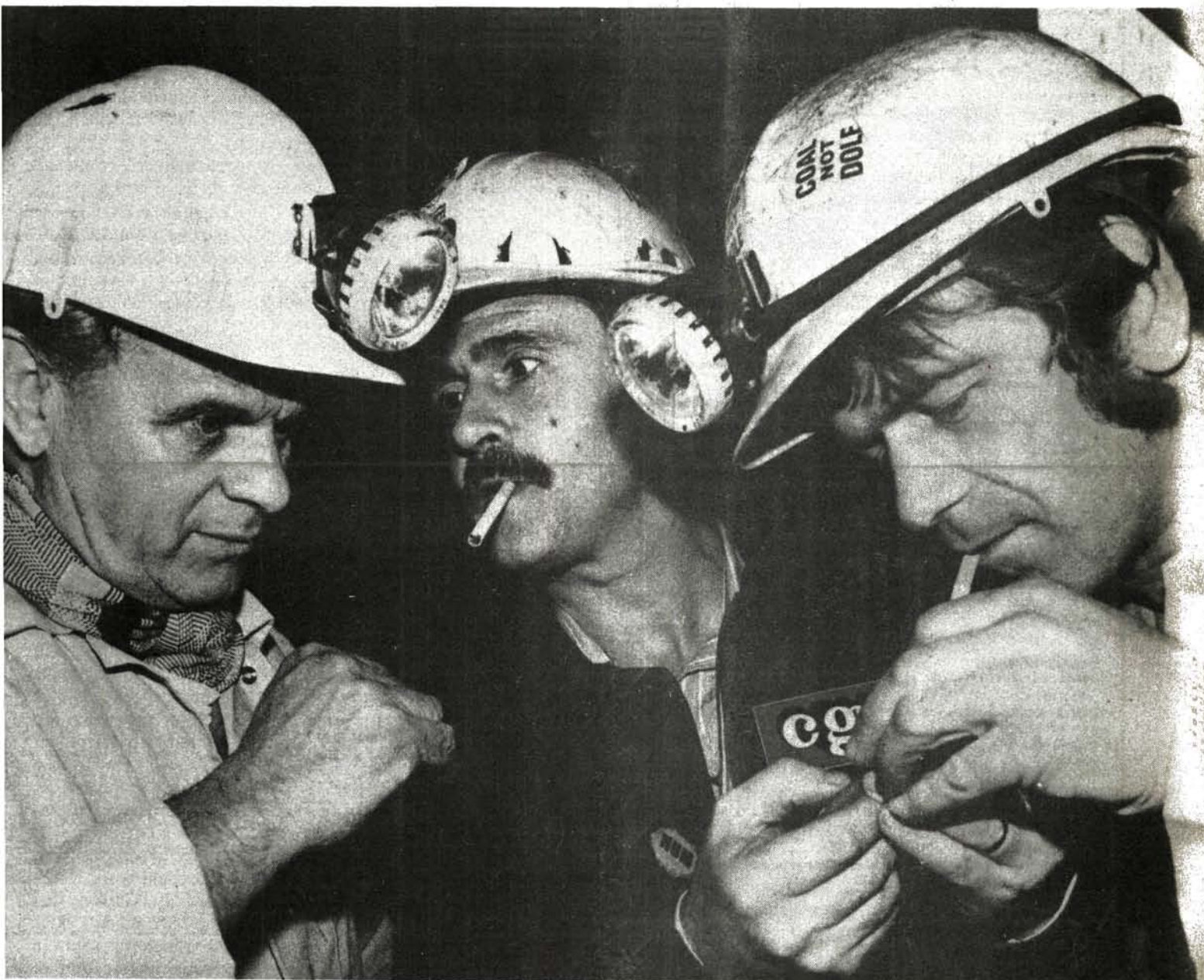
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MAKING HISTORY

Beatrix Campbell on the miners' strike

PLUS: **NUJ's pension row** • **North London Poly** • **End of Sizewell** • **French anti-fascism** • **Books** • **Arts**

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Cover photo Andrew Wiard (report); CGT miners from France in a solidarity visit to Kent miners

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Making history

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Security must be made accountable

LAST WEEK'S *Sunday Times* carried an interview with Sir John Jones, director-general of MI5, together with his photograph. His face had been blacked out to prevent recognition, to comply with a standing request by the D Notice committee. It would be hard to encapsulate better what is wrong with the way in which the security services operate in this country.

In other countries, security services appear to be able to operate with public knowledge of who heads them. The name and appearance of the head of the FBI, the CIA and the KGB are no secret. Equally, as a matter of fact, Sir John's name and face are perfectly well-known to the KGB. The only people from whom the information is being kept is us. It is part of a mystique of faceless unaccountability in which British government seems to take positive pride.

Sir John was said to be 'horrified' by the new phenomenon in MI5 — the whistle-blower. There was no sense that he was horrified at all by the evidence of massive impropriety on the part of the service for which he was responsible. The way in which the Prime Minister has chosen to handle the affair of the banned Channel 4 exposé of the security services makes it clear that she completely shares this reaction.

So, too, to its shame did the Independent Broadcasting Authority, which originally banned the 20-20 Vision report. The IBA appears increasingly concerned with not offending the government (in the interests of deregulating and increasing the profitability of commercial broadcasting) and decreasingly concerned with advancing freedom in journalism. It is now almost universally accepted that Section 2 of the Official Secrets Act is in total disrepute and must go. The Attorney General made the IBA look foolish as well as weak almost at once, by letting it be known that he was not contemplating a prosecution of either the film makers, or Cathy Massiter, the identified ex-MI5 officer involved.

Of course legal advice could be obtained that the proposed film was technically in breach of the Official Secrets Act. Almost anything that has the remotest connection with government falls into that category. The only relevant questions for a publisher or broadcaster of integrity are not whether a case could be made that Section 2 of the OSA has been breached. The first: is it likely that the government will bring an action under the OSA and how likely is it to succeed? As events have proved, the risk on this count in this case was negligible. The second: would publication or broadcast endanger national security? Since this film was primarily concerned with showing that the security services themselves were spending improper time and resources investigating people who were themselves no threat to national security, the 'national security' argument cannot be made to stand. 'National security', in a horrible example of 'Newspeak', seems to mean conspiracy by the government against the people.

Quite the contrary. While it may be embarrassing to ministers and officials in the week before a telephone tapping bill is debated in the House of Commons to have evidence of what is already going on made public, the truth is that the real public interest is served by the whistle being blown on what has evidently been going on for years.

£1 billion hangover

There are many different strands to what is rotten with the present system. But they all come together in a lack of any effective *accountability* for what is being done. There is first the question of cost. There seems to be an inverse relationship between Britain's decline as a world military and political power and the money spent on the intelligence services. Next year some £1 billion will be spent on them. Expenditure on that scale for a country like the United Kingdom in 1985 is quite simply ludicrous. It represents a secret hangover in the corridors of Whitehall from an imperial party that has been over for decades.

The self-importance of our external security service and the paranoia of our internal security services find no parallel in comparable industrial democracies. It has to be said that both the self-importance and the paranoia have been encouraged for decades by Prime Ministers of both the main political parties. But the world of the security services has grown — and grown out of touch with reality — because it is all funded by secret votes without any effective political discussion of the principles and the scale involved.

The initial impact of the Channel 4 film comes from the realisation of the scale of the current MI5 operation — the evidence it presents of the welter of 'targets' brought within the MI5 net, both in number — 500,000 registered targets — and in character — trade unions, CND, the National Council for Civil Liberties. Every country has some kind of internal security service, or special branch and always will. But the irrefutable evidence of this film is that the British operation is totally out of any reasonable proportion, reaching into areas that have nothing to do with espionage, terrorism, genuine subversion or the like.

The picture that emerges is, in part, of a bureaucracy that has taken on an existence of its own and, in part, of a system gathering information for purposes of political and social control. Almost everything that the 'paranoid' Left has always thought about MI5 turns out to be true and often more.

The telephone tapping bill now before Parliament is a forced response to one judgement against the British government by the European Court of Human Rights. It is a totally inadequate codification into law of existing practice, coupled with a complaints tribunal that will, in effect, do little more than confirm that, if your telephone has been tapped, it has been done with an official warrant. With the evidence of this film it may now well be possible to bring another successful action against the British government before the Strasbourg court.

Charter needed for Special Branch

This week's report by Lord Bridge, commissioned as a result of the outcry about the film, cannot be described as anything other than a joke. Its purpose was to allow the government to continue with the Commons stages of the telephone tapping bill on schedule. Its outcome was prejudged by the Prime Minister. Its enforced timescale of a weekend and a couple of working days ensured that it was perfunctory. Its terms of reference in effect ensured that its outcome is tautological — it confirms that no officially authorised telephone taps have been carried out unofficially.

It was not required to come to a judgement about what matters far more — the extent of MI5's activities *other* than authorised telephone tapping; and the question of whether MI5's scope of activity, as demonstrated by the film, is proper.

The real argument is not about authorised telephone tapping — indeed the evidence here is that like most bureaucracies the paper

pushers are very concerned to see that the letter of the rules and regulations is observed. What is more at issue is the extent to which MI5 conducts burglaries and break-ins, or steals or copies documents, or plants bugs in order, first, to obtain the evidence required to qualify a 'target' for surveillance and, then, to produce material for the file.

One extra element of concern was implicit in the film. Ironically, the Charter under which MI5 operates at least creates a strong *procedural* discipline within the organisation itself. The excuse for putting Joan Ruddock of CND or Patricia Hewett, then of the NCCL now of the Kinnock private office, on the registered target list may have been flimsy beyond belief but the fact that any authorised target had at any rate to be justified formally in relation to some possible 'subversion' in order to satisfy the MI5 Charter speaks at least of formal legalism. So, too, was MI5's refusal to pass on any but unclassified information about CND to Mr Heseltine's DS19 political propaganda unit.

What became clear though from the film is that none of this legalism applies to the wholly unregulated and unaccountable activity of the Special Branch. The description of the totally uninhibited way in which this part of the police carry out infiltration and surveillance operations was very striking and alarming. Clearly in any serious review of the operations of the security services the operations of the Special Branch will have to be included.

In the last decade the internal security services in Australia, New Zealand and Canada (all modelled on MI5) have been shown to have acted unconstitutionally, or illegally, and in any case unaccountably. In each case judicial or political reform has been put in hand. The point has been passed where Mrs Thatcher, even with the help of Lord Bridge, can keep the lid of Whitehall secrecy on the situation in this country. □

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MINERS CAN WHISTLE STILL FOR THE DOLE

MINERS who left the Coal Board during the pit strike — including those denied amnesty for petty crimes — are still being refused unemployment benefit. And DoE regional officers are to decide for themselves, pit by pit, 'when the strike has ended'. JANE DIBBLIN reports

A DIRECTIVE went out from the Department of Employment on Monday saying that regional officers can decide for themselves, pit by pit, when the strike has ended. That means not only whether men are back

at work, but whether production levels are back to 'normal'.

David Tighe, a welfare rights officer in St Helens, Lancashire, inquired into the case of a miner from Bold colliery. The Manchester regional adjudication officer, a Mr Wood, told him 'production levels must reach normality before the dispute can be considered over'.

Wood later told the NS: 'The stoppage of work can't be over if normal work can't proceed. It's not a case of whether men are willing to work but whether production has been hindered because of a trade dispute.'

In some areas, pits aren't expected to begin producing coal for up to nine

months. Moreover, as the NCB has constantly referred to its aim of reducing excess capacity, it's possible that some pits will never resume pre-strike production levels.

Thousands of families will be affected by the decision as miners also left the Coal Board during the dispute to take voluntary redundancy. The voluntary redundancy scheme operated by the Coal Board assumes that out-of-work miners will be receiving unemployment benefit. It was generally thought during the strike that as soon as the union voted to return, benefits would be paid out.

A spokesperson at the DoE head office in London tells the NS 'This directive falls into the Social Security Act, section 19. An overtime ban would also be a reason for an officer to decide that not to give the go-ahead to benefits.' He emphasised that it would be up to the discretion of regional officers. ●

Crisp new eye on Murrell case

NEARLY A YEAR after Hilda Murrell, 78 year old anti-nuclear campaigner, was found dead in a copse outside Shrewsbury — and four months after author Judith Cook first brought wide attention to that death in the NS (9 November 1984) — West Mercia police have appointed assistant chief constable Peter Smith of the Northumbria force to lead an independent enquiry into the way the murder investigation has been handled.

Smith has an impressive-looking track record. During his three years as head of Northumbria CID all of the 41 murders on his patch were solved; but the complexity and political sensitivity of the Hilda Murrell case will tax his ability as he looks into all aspects of the case, including the possible involvement of the security services.

The biggest problem has been the reluctance of West Mercia police to regard the matter as anything other than an ordinary burglary that went wrong. Special Branch were originally asked to look into any connection between Murrell's death and the evidence she was preparing for the Sizewell inquiry. They didn't appear to have gone beyond interviewing her anti-nuclear friends.

To date nobody has interviewed Peter Hamilton of Peter Hamilton Security Consultants who in January 1983 asked Barrie Peachman of Sapphire Investigation Service, a private detective agency, to provide him with the names and political affiliations of objectors at the Sizewell inquiry. Hamilton was

investigating a theft of information for an important client in the City of London.

His enquiries ceased in May 1983, but the client has refused to allow Hamilton to name the company for commercial reasons. Nor have the police interviewed Victor Norris who, unbeknown to Hamilton, was employed by Peachman to provide the information. Peachman was told by Norris that he could 'put a stopper on CND'.

Police have clung to the pathologist's report to dismiss the evidence of Ian Scott who says the body was not in the copse (where it was eventually found) when he went there to count trees for felling.

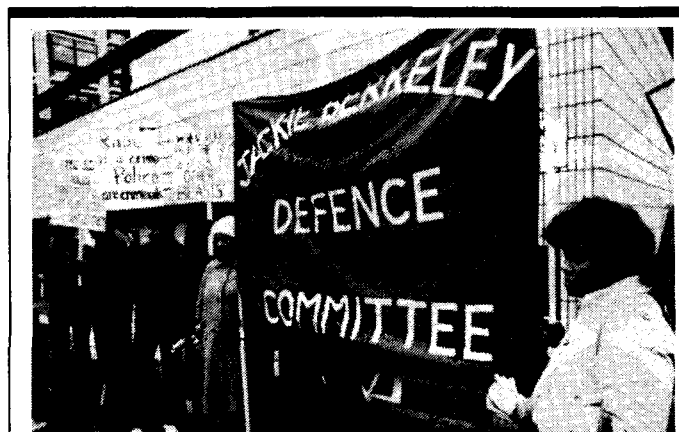
But the pathologist, Dr Peter Acland admits that it wouldn't

conflict with medical evidence for the body to have been moved either shortly after death (Miss Murrell was stabbed and beaten, but she died of hypothermia) or with great care by at least two people carefully replacing it in the same position in which death had occurred. It's worthy of note that amongst the people assisting Smith is Alfred Farragher, who has been working within the forensic science service since 1960.

Whoever the assailant was, he left a series of confusing clues which have so far had police baffled. Perhaps Smith's new mind will be able to throw fresh light on the matter.

Jenny Rathbone

Jenny Rathbone researched Monday night's World in Action broadcast on Hilda Murrell 'Death of an English Rose'.



THE CASE of Jackie Berkley, a 20 year-old black woman facing a number of charges who counter-claims racial abuse and rape by police (NS 4 January), is now in mid-stream at Manchester magistrates court. When she made an official complaint against police it ended with Jackie Berkley, already charged with assaulting the police, damaging police property and threatening behaviour, being additionally charged with wasting police time and making false complaints. Last week a 50-strong picket outside the court (Jackie's mother pictured right) demanded 'Clean Up Moss Side Police Station'.

Amrit Wilson

Gillick takes her campaign to Scotland

CONCERN is growing in Scotland that attempts may soon be made to extend the High Court's ruling on contraception for under 16s — the ruling has no power in Scotland, where the issue would have to be decided by a local sheriff court or at the Court of Session.

Soon after Victoria Gillick's legal victory, Glasgow's ultra-hardline Archbishop Thomas Winning (publicly tipped as a potential future Pope) called for a similar court ban on teenage female contraception in Scotland. In 1977, Winning angered secular and liberal protestant opinion in Scotland when he called upon all people to live their lives by Catholic mores.

Gillick has visited Glasgow on a number of occasions in the past two years. She addressed the 1983/4 agm of the increasingly active anti-abortion Innocents, speaking to a packed City Hall from which the press were excluded. When pro-choice campaigners and Labour Party activists heard about the meeting, pressure was put on Strathclyde Region councillors to withdraw public funding from The Innocents, on the grounds that they were clearly a political group rather than a personal service organisation caring for pregnant girls.

On 21 February, Gillick attended a meeting in the RC chaplaincy to Glasgow University — ostensibly to speak on parental rights. Again, press were excluded from the meeting (by police who told one reporter 'You can cover it from out here'). Pro-choice demonstrators offered copies of the 1984 Searchlight article revealing Gillick's anti-immigrant past to the priest in charge — who tore them up.

Suspicion is growing that it may have been a planning meeting to investigate the prospects of bringing a case in the Scottish courts.

Informed opinion is that, since the vast majority of Scottish judges are Protestant, with a high proportion of Freemasons etc in their ranks, the Scots establishment may reject any Catholic attempt to circumscribe doctors north of the border — where the prestige of the medical profession is anyway traditionally high.

Ian Sutherland

Andrew Pohorany

Massive daily issue of guns to USAF guards

UNITED STATES Air Force guards at British bases are issued daily with massive quantities of guns and ammunition, according to documents passed to the *New Statesman*. According to a security duty roster for USAF Security Police guards at Alconbury, near Peterborough, the guards for one area alone on the reconnaissance spy-plane base are issued with an armoury sufficient to mount a modest coup d'etat.

According to the roster list — which was found by peace campers at the base — a 34 man team reporting for an 8 hour tour of guard duty are given at least 5,600 rounds of ammunition and 126 rifle-launched grenades, as well as over 70 guns — including two M60 heavy general purpose machine guns. Also issued to a three man team, according to the roster, is a 'GAU' weapon, which may be a small armour-piercing and anti-tank gun.

The roster deals only with guns issued to guards in the base's Weapons Storage Area (WSA), which holds conventional bombs and missiles but not nuclear weapons. Many other weapons will be issued to Security Police guards on the

perimeter and at sensitive areas. All WSA guards are warned that the 'consumption of intoxicating beverages/substances within 8 hours of duty is strictly prohibited'. Officials at the US base last week refused to comment on the weapons allocation list, but did not deny its authenticity.

The revelation of the formidable armoury with which US security guards are routinely equipped will heighten concern about the ill-defined legal rules which presently govern the firing of the weapons. British guards are only permitted to open fire if life is in immediate danger, or if a nuclear weapon is about to be stolen, and no other action is possible. USAF guards, however, are permitted by their rules of engagement to shoot to kill in some circumstances where life is not in danger, and protestors are interfering only with non-nuclear equipment.

Over the last nine months, the House of Commons Defence Committee, as well as individual Labour MPs and peers, have repeatedly warned the government of the dangers created by not taking action over the lax American 'rules of engagement' for opening fire.

Duncan Campbell

'Advise and consent'?

THE PRIME MINISTER

worked herself up into a lather last month at the suggestion she'd intervened in the decision to prosecute Clive Ponting for his alleged breach of the Official Secrets Act: 'Ministers have absolutely no role in deciding [in OSA cases] whether to prosecute. That is the duty of the Attorney General and the Director of Public Prosecutions. Ministers had no role whatsoever in the prosecutions.'

This clear doctrine was flatly contradicted by a story in The Times on 28 February by its well-informed political editor, Julian Haviland. In the case of Cathy Massiter, the ex-MI5 officer who blew the whistle on phone tapping in the still censored Channel 4 film, the situation seems rather different.

Thus The Times: 'Ministers have decided that there must be no prosecution of those concerned in making the film because that would require the consent of Sir Michael Havers, the Attorney General, once he received the DDP's report. Sir Michael's office said last night that the report had not been received.'

Although the final decision is for Sir Michael alone, his colleagues have no doubt what it will be.'

£80 million withheld from women

A BRITISH JUDGE has ruled that the government have illegally withheld more than £80 million a year worth of benefits from women, by discriminating against them on grounds of gender or marital status.

The ruling made last Friday by Judge Byrt of the newly independent Social Security Appeals Tribunal means that the DHSS will now have to pay out invalid-care allowances to married or cohabiting women unable to work because they are caring for a disabled person.

Judge Byrt told government ministers that they must obey the terms of an EEC directive against discrimination in the award of social security benefits. Until last week, DHSS ministers had argued — despite serious reservations on the part of civil servants — that the EEC directive did not cover their official rules about the invalid care allowance. So the DHSS is now appealing to the Social Security Commissioners against the judge's unexpected verdict.

The decision is a vindication of a three year long campaign by the Invalid Care Allowance Steering Group, and the Child Poverty Action Group.

Lynda Bransbury

MISCELLANY

Time will tell — maybe

In making *Time* and its Israeli correspondent, David Halevy, the targets of his losing libel suit in New York, Ariel Sharon dealt out more poetic justice than he can have realized. For Halevy's engagement by *Time* many years earlier had been the result of a quiet deal between the magazine and Israel's spy agency, Mossad, in return for suppressing details of a story Mossad didn't want the magazine to print. According to a story that appears in the latest issue of the Paris-based bi-monthly, *Israel and Palestine*, *Time*'s tangle with Mossad occurred in 1966. At the time Maxim Ghilan, now editor of *I&P*, had been jailed by the Israeli authorities for revealing, in a magazine he was then editing in Israel, that Mossad had cooperated with the Moroccan and French secret services in the kidnapping and murder in 1965 of Moroccan opposition leader, Mehdi Ben Barka. *Time*'s correspondent in Rome has uncovered and filed the story, but *Time*'s editors refused to publish it after meeting with the Mossad chief, Meir Amit. He promised that in return for the magazine's silence, he would suggest a new correspondent and guarantee high-level access throughout the Israeli government for him and for *Time*. Mossad's candidate was none other than David Halevy. Ghilan's story about him was originally reported in *Israel and Palestine* in 1980. It was republished last December in the Israeli weekly, *Haolam Hazeh*.

Police water sports

They can count themselves lucky they weren't made to walk the plank, or



hung in chains from Tower Bridge. Respectably sailing along the Thames this Monday, holding an on-boat press conference against rate-capping, Rodney Bickerstaffe and other luminaries of NUPE successfully navigated Greenwich to the Thames Barrier (hats off to GLC enterprise) and were tooling back up-river when at Tower Bridge, the noon-gun have scarcely gone off, they were boarded by Thames River Police. 'It was like the

Sweeney', they say. The police informed them that because they were flying banners they 'constituted a demonstration' — and had failed to notify the Port of London Authority.

Extraordinary thing

Miscellany readers who turn to *Tribune* for a little heavy relief may recall a recent article that poured scorn on 'Volvo drivers and *Guardian* readers'. The by-line on the article was 'James Miller'. This, we can disclose, is the anglicised pseudonym of a certain Seumas Milne. In his unspare time Milne is a journalist on — yes, you've guessed.

Too wet to handle

More evidence that She never forgives those who don't deliver. Pity poor old Geoffrey Warnock, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, caught in the cross fire when the dons resoundingly denied the ex-Somerville chemist the honour she so obviously wanted. By rights he should have spent at least the last year of his four-year tenure as Sir Geoffrey. Such has long been the custom. Yet while his opposite number at Cambridge Sir John Butterfield enjoys his bauble, at Oxford the v-c remains plain old Mr — and he retires in the autumn. Clearly after all that vain Downing Street pressure on Oxford to deliver the old boy is not to be forgiven. His wife meanwhile continues to accumulate her share of baubles, keeping her nose clean by moving to the other place to become Mistress of Girton. Dame Mary though, it turns out, is more than a friend of the Thatchers: she played the role of bridesmaid at their wedding after sharing student life in the city of perspiring dreams.

List to port

Meanwhile no such problem for Our Leader next time round. The next vice-chancellor is already knighted — none other than Sir Patrick Neill, QC, who kicked off that historic debate for the Thatcher team. While many dons mutter at giving the post to the head of a college sometimes described as a dining club without students they relish that his wings have been clipped even before he slides into office. He'll have to cry over the port with Lord Quinton, provost of Trinity, and Her other great ally at Oxford. Both were rewarded for past favours. But you can't win them all.

Ken's blue-shift

Ken Livingstone's desertion of his former allies on Labour's far Left is happening at a speed that surprises even seasoned Ken-watchers. His latest move: to resign from the board of the sectarian, colour-printed, definitely-not-financed-by Libya, Labour Herald.

Jan-Feb council results— good news, and less good

FIRST the good news: Labour had a 5.5 per cent lead over the Liberal/SDP Alliance in local council by-elections in January and February — and a 10 per cent lead over the Conservatives, who came third in overall votes cast.

Now the less good news: most of the votes were cast in normally strong Labour territory, so it would have been a disaster had Labour not come top of the heap. When the figures are adjusted for the pattern of seats fought, the national pattern of party by-election support implied by the January/February results is: Labour 34 per cent, Conservative 34, Liberal/SDP 30.

Given the normal bias in by-elections towards the Alliance, these figures are consistent with the recent batch of MORI, Marplan and NOP polls, which suggest Labour and Conservative support running at

36-38 per cent, and the Alliance in the mid-20s. (February's Gallup poll, putting the Alliance within half a point of Labour seems to have been a rogue.)

Altogether 55,952 votes were cast in January and February in 31 three-cornered local by-election contests. The votes were distributed as follows:

Labour	21,022	37.6%
Liberal/SDP	17,948	32.1
Conservative	15,446	27.6
Others	1,536	2.7

The gains and losses table is as follows:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	13	4	1	10
Lab	20	4	2	18
Lib	5	1	5	9
SDP	3	1	2	4
Other	2	0	0	2

Peter Kellner

Council scoreboard

10 January			
West Midlands CC	Con hold	Halton DC	Lab hold
Penwith DC	Con hold	Calderdale MBC	Lib hold
Cornwall CC	Con hold		
17 January		21 February	
Hammersmith LBC	Lab hold	Bradford MBC	LAB GAIN(SDP)
Haringey LBC	Lab hold	Aberdeen DC	LIB GAIN(Lab)
Swansea DC	Lab hold	Aberdeen DC	SDP GAIN(Con)
		Wigan MBC	Lab hold
24 January		Rotherham MBC	Lab hold
Caradon DC	LIB GAIN(Con)	Colwyn DC	Lib hold
Fareham DC	SDP hold	Stratford on Avon DC	Ind hold
South Glamorgan CC	Con hold	Brent LBC	Con hold
		Woking DC	Con hold
31 January		28 February	
Tamworth DC	LAB GAIN(Con)	Portsmouth DC	LIB GAIN(Lab)
		North Dorset DC	LIB GAIN(Lab)
7 February		Mendip DC	CON GAIN(Lib)
Rushmoor DC	LIB GAIN(Con)	Camden LBC	Lab hold
Wyre DC	Lab hold	Babergh DC	Lab hold
Chelmsford DC	Lib hold	Oswestry DC	Lab hold
Tunbridge & Malling DC	Lib hold	Hackney LBC	Lab hold
Mendip DC	Ind hold	Middlesbrough DC	Lab hold
North Tyneside MBC	Con hold	Grimby DC	Lab hold
		Wansbeck DC	Lab hold
14 February		Wansbeck DC	Lab hold
Arfon DC	SDP GAIN(Lab)	Borders Reg	SDP hold
Halton DC	Lab hold	Greenwich LBC	Con hold
		Newbury DC	Con hold

Hereford fiasco falls on Ridley

THE TORIES' much-vaunted Hereford experiment in deregulating buses virtually collapsed at the end of last month — yet another independent operator stopped running buses.

Two years ago a new company, Stretton Coaches, began running buses in Hereford. Last year a study carried out by research at the Department of Transport found that Stretton's earnings were 51p per mile, and estimated costs of running a bus £1.06 per mile. The traffic commissioners stepped in and cut the number of buses Stretton could run

because of its poor maintenance. Stretton's stopped running buses in Hereford on 20 February.

Another independent operator, Primrose Motors, an old established firm, had taken buses off its rural routes, reducing services by 40 per cent, to compete in Hereford. It stopped running buses in Hereford just before Christmas.

The only remaining independent operator is another firm, Buchanan's coaches, which runs on just two routes in Hereford. It too has been in trouble with the traffic commissioners about poor maintenance, and was warned to improve its standards as recently as last year.

Mick Hamer

Peace Protests Roll Call (12)

Total arrested to date in UK and Eire: 6,716

Arrests to date by location

London, MoD Whitehall

At Southwark Crown Court on 7 Feb Ian Delamere, Shaun Hawkey, Lizzie Strata, Malcolm Boatman, Antonia McDougall and Jane Fox were all found guilty and sentenced to three months in prison. They had been charged with criminal damage in excess of £8,000. Five of the defendants were from the Faslane Peace camp. The 7th member of the group did not appear in court and was not tried in his absence.

Daws Hill Peace Camp, High Wycombe

1.1.85. A 'first foot' party advertised to take place at Napshill Peace Camp instead took place at Daws Hill Peace Camp. A 'trojan horse' in the form of a hollow giant loaf of bread with ten people inside entered the base. After walking about inside the base for some time the loaf was eventually challenged by American soldiers and apprehended. The Americans requested that it identify itself and when it gave no satisfactory reply the loaf was arrested. It was later torn apart by the Americans. The ten people were questioned extensively about where and how they entered the base and finally released at 5am. They were told that charges may be brought against them at a later date.

Salisbury Plain

22.1.85. 5 women from Southampton Cruisewatch arrested at the B3098 at Urchfont. Police surrounded their van and smashed in windows with crowbars when they refused to move from the path of the cruise convoy which was returning to Greenham Common. There was no opportunity given to move the van peacefully — the women were roughly handled by police who over-reacted. Hearing at Devizes Magistrates on 4 March at 10am.

15-16.2.85. 7 people arrested on Salisbury Plain and charged with trespass. 5 held overnight in cells on two different occasions and then banned from entering Wiltshire for three weeks. Hearing at Devizes Magistrates on 4 March.

Catholic Peace Action, MoD Whitehall

20.2.85. 4 members of CPA arrested outside the MoD on Ash Wednesday. 3 were charged with breach of the peace but the charges were later dropped and they were released with a caution. Sarah Hipperson who was handing out leaflets was charged with obstructing a public right of way. Hearing on 21 March.

Birmingham

11.10.84. During a Stop The City demonstration attended by an estimated 200-300 people approximately 30 people were arrested and charged mostly with br. of the peace and public order offences.

Upper Heyford US Base

17.9.84. One of a group of 40 people travelling on a train to Bicester for an action at the base pulled the communication cord as the train neared the end of the runway. An MoD policeman who was also travelling on the train contacted the base. The 40 demonstrators managed to enter the base and reach the runway before being arrested. Eight people were positively identified by the MoD officer on the train and then handed over to British Rail transport police for further questioning. They were released and told that charges may be brought later. Two of the 8 gave false names so only 6 received summonses to appear in court at Bicester Magistrates on 1 March. They were charged with Trespass on British Rail property and malicious damage under the (1861) Act which includes 'obstructing a train'. At 1 March hearing police refused to drop the charges of malicious damage if the defendants would plead guilty to trespass. The hearing was adjourned to a later date.

Molesworth Peace Camp, Northants

9.2.85. 21 people arrested when police prevented members of the destroyed Rainbow Fields Village returning to the camp site.

9.2.85. A further 4 Peterborough demonstrators arrested and charged with damage.

17.2.85. 3 People from Brighton and 1 person from Hastings arrested after being chased by a helicopter. Charges are cr. damage and going equipped to cause cr. damage. Hearing 14 March at Huntingdon Magistrates.

20.2.85. 50 people from Notts CND arrested and held. Only three eventually charged with cr. damage.

Supporters visiting Molesworth are advised to check up on local rights of way etc as police are overstepping their authority in obstructing and hindering people from using certain areas and footpaths. Concrete for use in the construction of the new fence is being flown in to the base from only a couple of miles away, by helicopter...

Please send new information to **Janey Hulme** at the New Statesman. Further arrest details, for which we have no space here, will appear in later Roll Calls.



PETER KELLNER

How the coal board privatised the strike

YOU MIGHT HAVE thought that the Conservatives would be jolly pleased with themselves about the end of the miners' strike. Arthur Scargill has been vanquished, just as General Galtieri was three years ago; surely all the Tories need do now is sit back and wait for their electoral rewards?

Instead ministers seem overcome with a certain coyness. Mrs Thatcher did not proclaim 'rejoice, rejoice' from the steps of Number Ten on Sunday evening; rather, she spoke of her regret at the hardship suffered by the miners. Peter Walker, the energy secretary, said on television: 'I don't want anyone saying there have been victories or defeats'.

It would be reassuring to think that ministers have responded to the end of the strike with a little instinctive humanity and compassion. But whatever their private feelings, these will not have been allowed to dictate their public posture.

What we have witnessed in the past few days is the execution of a calculated decision: that magnanimity towards and concern for the hardships of striking miners (apart, of course, from those 'convicted of violence') is electorally the most appealing pitch. Had the Tories' private polls found more mileage in carting the entire NUM executive off to the Tower of London, I have no doubt that some mediaeval statute would have been dusted down and the services of a pliable judge engaged to carry out the task.

Indeed when — as the cliché has it — the history of the strike comes to be written, one of the more absorbing discoveries is likely to be the intensity with which the government and the coal board monitored both public opinion and the opinions of miners themselves through the strike. Last Friday's *Financial Times* reported, in passing, that last month 'a private NCB poll showed that 86 per cent [of miners] now wanted a quick settlement'. As far as I am aware, this was the first hard piece of information about a rumour that has been circulating for months: that the coal board was conducting regular sample surveys of miners' views.

It is reasonable to assume: (a) that the miners questioned had no idea they were supplying the coal board with valuable information, as the surveys would have been conducted by an independent research organisation without disclosing the name of its client; (b) that the surveys were designed, like any marketing exercise before a major advertising campaign, to discover exactly what messages would have the biggest impact on the greatest number of miners; and (c) that the survey results were analysed at the highest level within the board before any major

tactical or strategic decision was taken.

In commissioning its surveys, the NCB had one massive advantage. Because of the way NUM subscriptions are collected (by check-off) and paid to the union (by lump sums to each area headquarters) *the NCB had access to a complete list of names and addresses of NUM members, while the NUM did not*. Even if the union has wanted to solicit the views of its ordinary members, and not just those on picket lines or attending mass meetings, it could not have done so reliably.

Throughout the strike, then, Ian MacGregor knew what Arthur Scargill did not: what the members of the NUM really thought in the privacy of their homes, torn by conflicting loyalties and battered by debt. From November through to last week, when the strike essentially turned on the changing attitudes of those individual members, the coal board held the trump cards.

THE IMPORTANCE of the board's advantage is hard to overstate. Most strikes depend for their effectiveness on the cohesion of the strikers. This is not a moral judgement based on any belief that decisions arrived at in group meetings are 'better' than the aggregation of individual views; rather, it is a practical observation of the dynamics of disputes. The act of sticking together helps to reinforce a sense of solidarity and to quell doubts.

What the coal board succeeded above all in doing was to undermine the collective character of the miners' fight — to the extent that the union had not already undermined its own strategy by failing to hold a national pit-head ballot. The board wrote directly to the miners at home. It took advertisements in the popular press. It gradually learnt how to use television. It turned perhaps 40,000 miners — anyway, enough — from comrades into individualists. The end of the strike was, in reality, ordained not by 189 men meeting together last Sunday, but by thousands of normally loyal miners deciding for themselves that they could go on no longer. In an important sense, the coal board privatised the strike.

For the NCB the purpose of gathering its information was clear-cut: to find out how to 'sell' to sufficient numbers of striking miners the attractions of returning to work. For the government, the purpose of regulating its own publicity has a similarly direct purpose: to help win the Conservatives the next general election. When Mrs Thatcher said on the morning of 10 June 1983 that 'the next general election campaign starts now', she meant it.

Ideally, I should now unveil to you the

details of the Tories' assessment of public opinion — and their strategy for fighting the next election. Sad to relate, no secret documents from Conservative Central Office have winged their way to me or, as far as I know, to any other political journalist. Still, judging by the behaviour of ministers, and from what we can glean from the available evidence, my guess is that the Tories are now very nervous.

The opinion poll ratings of the Conservative Party and of Mrs Thatcher personally are now lower than at any time since the 1983 general election. Every poll that has asked specifically about the Prime Minister's handling of the coal dispute has found a large majority saying she has done badly.

This dent in the Conservatives' image has been largely obscured by Labour's problems over the strike: Neil Kinnock has had a wretched 12 months, during which his satisfaction rating, as recorded by MORI, has declined from +17 last March (43 per cent satisfied, 26 per cent dissatisfied) to -25 per cent in this week's poll (28-53 per cent), conducted a week before the strike was called off.

If I were a Tory I should now be scared stiff that Kinnock, freed from the cares of treading the high wire of the miners' strike, will start looking more and more like an alternative Prime Minister; and that Davids Steel and Owen will chip away at the worried, middle class, non-Labour vote. For even if the miners' strike ended up as a liability for the government, it still distracted attention from the unemployment figures, the foul-ups over ratecapping, Sir Keith Joseph's crass incompetence in the teachers' pay dispute and so on. Had it not been for the coal strike, surely the media would have made far more of last week's all-party report by a Commons committee showing that the Treasury had concealed an unintended overshoot of £6 billions in public spending since 1983.

The Tories, then, are now more vulnerable than at any time since 1981 — the year when Gallup found Mrs Thatcher to be the most unpopular Prime Minister for 40 years. Indeed, in a sense, the Tories are more vulnerable now than they were then. For had the Falklands War not happened, and the Tories languished in the polls and lost more and more by-elections, Mrs Thatcher might have been replaced as party leader.

But since the Falklands all possible sources of revolt have been removed. Today, Mrs Thatcher stands alone and secure. She will do almost anything her private polls and media advisers tell her, except resign. And that, just possibly, could be the Tories' undoing. □

ANATOMY OF A PENSIONS 'AFFAIR'

During 1983 the National Union of Journalists was locked in legal battle with David Dimbleby, owner of the Richmond and Twickenham Times. To cope with almost daily legal developments the union's national executive came to rely heavily on its 'emergency committee'. This committee met continually during December 1983 and was to become the centre of an alleged scandal involving special pension payments for the general secretary Ken Ashton. John Rentoul tells the full story of what happened

ONE PARTICULARLY long meeting of the emergency committee took place on 15 December 1983. Just before adjourning to seek further legal advice about the journalists' strike in Richmond, it dealt with a routine-looking item of ordinary business — a 'report from the staff committee'. Ken Ashton, the NUJ General Secretary, said that they had to deal with the item then, because the last full executive meeting hadn't had time for it. He 'hoped that such procedure would be a rarity rather than become practice'.

Ashton's report was that the staff committee had, on 8 November, decided 'in principle that no member of staff should be disadvantaged by entering the service of the union at a relatively late age'. It recommended 'that appropriate adjustments in pension arrangements be made'. The emergency committee, which has delegated power to make decisions on behalf of the full executive, endorsed both points.

A year later, in December last year, one of the NUJ pension fund trustees, former *Telegraph* journalist and NUJ president (1952/3) Henry Bate, wrote to the full NUJ executive. He said he wanted to withdraw his signature on a letter authorising pension increases for two of the union's employees at a cost to the union of £205,000 over 14 years.

The letter stunned most of the executive. It was the first they had heard of the plan. A special executive meeting had been called on the Thursday before Christmas, 20 December 1984. According to one executive member: 'There was a general feeling of unease that something was wrong'. A four-person Committee of Enquiry was set up.

NEC members Simon Collings and the BBC's Vincent Hanna were so oblivious of the significance of that 15 December 1983 'emergency committee' decision in the middle of the Dimbleby affair that they were initially members of this enquiry team. When it was realised that they had actually been present when that crucial decision was supposed to have been taken, they stood down. The inquiry was

completed by the remaining two — the *Guardian's* Aidan White and Giles Smith of Independent Television News.

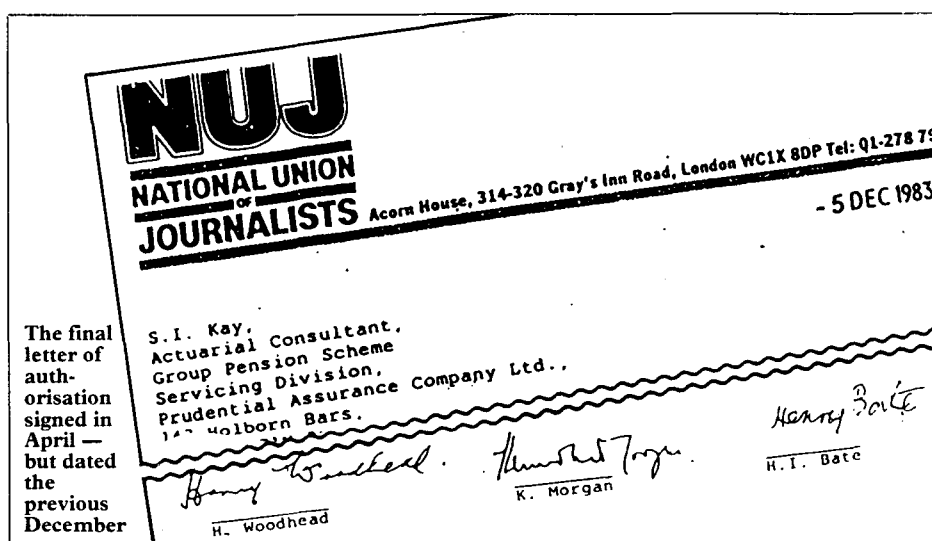
The *New Statesman* has obtained a copy of their report on the affair, which in several important respects contradicts the version of events put out by Ken Ashton's supporters. Ashton himself claimed in a statement to *The Times* on 30 January that the pensions row had been concocted by his political opponents. 'The issues being raised have little to do with pensions,' he said, 'and much to do with an attempt by the so-called hard Left and their followers to seize control of the union.' It is absolutely true that one of the Committee of Enquiry, the new NUJ Treasurer Aidan White, is of the 'hard Left'. But Giles Smith is, if anything, a rightwinger.

The Committee of Enquiry report does not in fact criticise the decision to increase the two men's pensions. But it comes to the conclusion that there was an attempt to disguise the record

Bott, chairperson of the finance committee. Devine offered to boost his pension to the maximum allowed in recognition of the amount of overtime Paik was working to sort out the union's chaotic accounts. Paik told the Committee of Enquiry: 'Later on they asked me if I could get quotes from the Pru as to how much it will cost. Later on they asked me if I could get a quotation for Mr Ashton as well.'

The first mention of anything like this in the union's records is in the minutes of staff committee on 8 November 1983. This was the meeting referred to in the 'staff committee report' that Ashton presented to the emergency committee the next month.

Seven people were at the 8 November meeting. One has since died; all seven happened to be members of the ruling clique of paid and elected officials — a coalition of rightwingers and the authoritarian Left which had dominated the NUJ head office for years. The minutes include this single cryptic sentence:



of the decision, assuming, that is, that it had been properly taken. It seems from the report that Ashton's fear of the left wing on the NUJ executive led him and his allies to go to some length to prevent the full 24-member executive from ever discussing the plan in the detail that would normally be expected in trade union financial matters.

THE STORY starts around the time of the 1983 general election, when the idea of increasing the two officials' pensions was first mooted. 'The then General Treasurer [John Devine] took the initiative,' Ashton told the Committee of Enquiry. Devine, who is a lay officer elected by the union's annual conference, was close to Ashton, and shared his fear of the Left.

The union's financial controller, Niranjana Paik (whom the executive completely exonerated two months ago), said Devine approached him in August 1983 with Alan

'The committee then considered both general and specific pension improvements with a view to moving further towards the ending of ex-gratia payments.' (Ex-gratia or 'top-up' payments from the union's ordinary funds had in the past been paid to retiring officials with low pensions.)

But it's quite clear that, although those present may have known that the proposal directly concerned Ashton and Paik, there is no record in the staff committee minutes themselves of the 'recommendation' that 'adjustments in pension arrangements be made' — which Ashton reported to the emergency committee on 15 December — let alone adjustments costing £205,000 to just two pensions.

The General Secretary and his allies, however, behaved as if the staff committee meeting on 8 November had 'taken' the pension decision. They pressed ahead with preparations for implementing it, even before the

'emergency committee' had 'endorsed' it on 15 December. The NUJ pension fund is managed for the union by the Prudential Assurance on the instructions of the fund's three trustees, Ken Morgan, Harry Woodhead and Henry Bate. A letter asking the Pru to increase Ashton and Paik's pensions was signed by the first trustee, Ken Morgan, on 5 December. He passed it on to Harry Woodhead.

Woodhead was puzzled by the letter he was being asked to sign, and wrote to John Devine, the General Treasurer, on 12 December asking for a copy of the 'relevant NEC [executive] minute authorising the changes'. Devine didn't reply until 20 January 1984. Although his letter was long, Woodhead thought it didn't answer his questions, but was later prepared to sign.

But Henry Bate, the third trustee, wasn't. On 23 February 1984 he wrote to Devine saying the proposal was 'new and quite remarkable'. Devine's long and rambling reply failed to satisfy Bate, who wrote again seeking further information.

IT WAS NOW March 1984 and the union's Annual Delegate Meeting (ADM) on 10-13 April loomed. Devine, in particular, was standing down as Treasurer and knew there was a strong chance that his preferred successor Alan Bott, another of the ruling clique, would not be elected in his place.

Devine and Ashton then presented a remarkable document for signature by the national officers and the NUJ's own trustees (who are quite separate from the pension fund trustees). Coincidentally these trustees and officers were the same people as the members of the staff committee and were broadly sympathetic to Ashton. The document is dated 30 March 1984, ten days before the ADM. It refers to the 'augmentation requested by the trustees of the pension scheme in respect of Kenneth B. Ashton and Niranjan S. Paik'. (All three pension fund trustees had, of course, yet to sign this request and did not finally do so until 27 April.) It said the pension increases are 'hereby irrevocably guaranteed by us in our joint and several capacities as national officers and trustees of the NUJ'.

The document was signed by president Eddie Barrett, the vice-president George Findlay, the General Treasurer John Devine and the trustees of the union (not the pension fund) Alan Bott and Ray McGuigan.

The move seems to have been a clumsy attempt to ensure that the incoming executive after the 1984 ADM would not deprive Ashton of his increased pension rights, since Henry Bate was still being 'difficult'. Ten days later at the ADM three signatories ceased to hold their positions. Although Findlay moved up to become president, Barrett lost his seat on the executive, Devine was replaced as General Treasurer by Aidan White, and the union's trustees were later changed.

When the Committee of Enquiry asked Ken Ashton about the 30 March 'irrevocable guarantee', he said: 'All I know of that letter is that it was prepared on a draft drawn up by the Prudential'. But after the Committee of Enquiry had completed its findings the Pru told the union's accountants: 'As we had no hand in the drafting of this letter and have had no discussion on it with any members of the union we are unable to offer any explanation as to why



Ken Ashton

it was worded in the way it was'.

But just before the union's officers (and those authorised to sign its cheques) changed, a cheque for £22,700 was made out to the Pru, signed by Devine and Ashton. It covered the first premiums to pay for the additional pensions and was actually handed over to the Pru in June 1984. It was signed, however, during the ADM — at the last possible opportunity — in April 1984.

There then followed the most bizarre episode of all. The pension fund trustees finally met on 27 April. They had had a number of telephone conversations with Devine and Ashton, and were now finally prepared to sign the letter of authorisation. Harry Woodhead signed and posted the undated letter on the same day to Ken Ashton's home address. But when the letter reached the Pru a few days later, via NUJ head office at Acorn House, it had the date 5 December 1983 stamped on it.

Neither Ken Ashton nor John Devine could help the Committee of Enquiry establish how the letter came to have a date which wrongly implied that the trustees had agreed to the pension rises *before* the 'irrevocable guarantee' had been given and *before* the ADM. 5 December 1983 was, in fact, the date on which the letter had *first* been presented to the trustees for their signature.

But once this misdated document had reached the Pru, everything must have seemed to be concluded satisfactorily. The NUJ had a new left-wing General Treasurer — who knew nothing of the increases — but everything had been signed, sealed and delivered. The unexpected awkwardness of the elderly trustees of the scheme — Bate is now 85 — had been overcome.

But there was one last detail, on which the Pru appears to have insisted. In September

1984 Ken Ashton wrote to the trustees asking one or all of them to sign formal letters notifying himself and Paik of the changes. These letters of notification to Ashton and Paik were the straw that broke Henry Bate's back, because the very last sentence of each of them read: 'The whole cost of these improved benefits is being borne by the union.'

FROM THAT MOMENT, Henry Bate OBE, former NUJ president, started to ask the questions which pulled the cover off the whole affair. Bate seems from the evidence to have been under the impression that the increases for Ashton and Paik were being paid for out of a surplus which had accumulated on the union's pension fund. He also thought that the Ashton increase was part of a general improvement for all staff. He claims it was a great shock to discover that the union was committed to paying £205,000 out of its ordinary funds.

After he had asked the Pru several questions about the pension increase, and after he failed to be satisfied with replies to his letters to George Findlay and Ken Ashton, Bate decided to write a long letter direct to the union's executive, alleging that the pension trustees had not been provided with 'proper information'.

The 'NUJ pensions affair' now began to unravel. The executive appointed a Committee of Enquiry to look into the allegations on 20 December 1984, while Ashton and Paik were sent on paid leave. The Committee reported to the executive's next meeting on 24-26 January this year. The executive decided there was a case to answer against Ken Ashton and five elected officers and former officers (Devine, Barrett, Bott, Findlay and McGuigan), and set up a disciplinary and complaints committee to take evidence, which begins its work next week.

At last month's executive meeting (on 18 February) an attempt was made to overturn the January executive's decision, but was defeated by a narrow margin.

The Left and Right on the executive are usually fairly evenly balanced with the two broadcasters (Vincent Hanna, Giles Smith), Alan Pike of the *Financial Times* and a few others holding the balance of power. On this occasion the centrists have given strong credibility within the union to what Ashton could normally have dismissed as a left-wing plot.

Ken Ashton's supporters allege that the affair has been orchestrated by Aidan White and Deputy General Secretary Jake Ecclestone, who is the Left's present candidate to succeed Ashton. They also claim that the original committee of enquiry quoted selectively from the transcripts of evidence given to it. For example, they cite the failure to record that Ken Morgan told them, as a pension fund trustee, that he understood all along that the extra pension money was to come direct from union funds. The Ashton camp claim that they did not realise that their evidence to the committee of enquiry could end up being used in evidence against them.

Ashton himself alleges that the pension issue is the only way the hard Left can oust him, because he doesn't face re-election before his retirement in 1991. He declined to comment on the substance of this article on the grounds that, with a disciplinary hearing due next week, it would be improper and prejudicial to do so. □

Andrew Ward Report

TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS

Geraldine Hackett reports on Barking's year-long strike

MANY MONTHS back, Rodney Bickerstaffe, the General Secretary of NUPE, referred to the strike by cleaners at Barking hospital in east London as 'NUPE's Cortonwood'. In the week all but two of the coalfields gave up the strike, the analogy may be unfortunate. It did not, in any case, turn out to be prophetic. Although the battle at Barking has now gone on for a year, with 40 of the 87 strikers still determinedly on the picket line, the Barking women haven't sparked off a significant level of sympathetic action from other hospital workers. There has been a one-day strike by health workers across the country and a London-wide one-day stoppage.

But this week the persistence of the picket line appeared to be edging the health authority into putting pressure on Crothall, the company given the contract to clean the hospital, to agree a compromise with the strikers.

The events at Barking demonstrate clearly the likely impact of the government's insistence that health authorities put ancillary services out to competitive tender. Crothall is a subsidiary of the multi-national Pritchard Services Group which has off-shots from South Africa to Thailand. The firm has cleaned Barking hospital for 16 years, providing pay and conditions comparable to those of directly employed staff. To keep the contract last year, when health authorities were under heavy pressure to cut costs, the company cut its price from £367,000 to £211,000, making it the third lowest bidder. They reached this price by lopping 41 per cent off the hours that would in future be needed to keep the hospital clean. The health authority, Redbridge, accepted the new specifications.

The women were told that not only were their hours to be cut, but they would have to work three-work rotas — one week of mornings, followed by a week of afternoons, followed by a week of evenings.

If women go cleaning because it fits in with their other jobs as mothers and housewives, this was now completely disrupted. One of the strikers said: 'It's impossible with a family, changing round like that from day to day.' The hourly rate of £2.03 wasn't cut, but the fewer hours reduced pay by an average of 35 per cent (for some the pay cut was 60 per cent). In addition, overtime pay for Saturday working was cut, sick pay abolished and holiday pay cut to three weeks.

The women walked out — and in the year on strike, none but the supervisor has walked back. Crothall buses in cleaners on coaches with boarded up windows — Coal Board style.

Eight months into the strike, in October, an industrial tribunal ruled Crothall had unfairly sacked the women by offering such reduced conditions and awarded £2,208 to the woman

who brought the case.

Until last Friday, Redbridge Health Authority watched from the sidelines, a testament to the government's desire not just to reduce State spending, but to remove State authorities from direct conflict with trade unions.

Finally, Crothall managers met the union to discuss the dispute and another meeting has been scheduled for this Friday, 8 March. While Crothall may be persuaded to give the women their jobs back (the company will have to pay compensation for the sackings unless they win their appeal to the Employment Appeal Court), the number of hours spent on cleaning the hospital won't be restored.

Chris Graham, the deputy administrator at Redbridge DHA, said the cut in hours was 'unfortunate', but that 'some of the harsher realities of life had to be faced.' The hospital had been over-generous in the past, he said. 'There is no doubt that the average domestic service in hospitals can be done for a third less time — that is being demonstrated', he said.

That account doesn't tally with the experience of the women who take the skill of cleaning seriously. One of them, Renée Oakden, told Alan Dalton, health and safety researcher at Labour Research: 'When I first started working at the hospital 16 years ago, I was working a 30-hour week. Then my hours were cut to 25. Even then I felt I'd like to have another hour to get it really clean. Now Crothall are saying I've got to do the work in 15 hours. Well, there's no way I could do that. Housework you can neglect, but not a hospital — not when you've got babies in intensive care.'

From what the cleaners told him, Dalton concluded that Barking hospital was inadequately cleaned before the strike. That made the new contract 'a real health hazard to patients, staff and their families and friends.'*

Chris Graham, the deputy administrator, dismisses these conclusions. He concedes Crothall did not come up to specifications during last summer, but: 'The picket line was at its height and Crothall had difficulty recruiting staff' he said.

Standards again fell off last December and, at its last meeting, the DHA gave Crothall a month to come up to scratch. Graham was not unduly worried by the report of an independent health inspector that, in the kitchens, 'the

presence of dead and decomposing cockroaches indicated the lack of regular and effective cleaning.' 'Wherever you get food and hot water pipes, you get cockroaches,' he said. 'I've seen much worse cleaned hospitals than Barking'.

And that may be what the elimination of 'waste' in hospitals is going to mean. It is not an objective assessment of expense that is unnecessary for the well-being of patients. It is a recognition that part-time women workers have the weakest voice in the health system. Nonetheless, their labours are profitable for some. Up for grabs to private contractors is ancillary work worth an estimated £3 billion.

After a year on strike, the women are still as bitter as the first day at the way they have been treated. Their anger is directed at Crothall, sustained by their sense of injustice.

They feel let down by other workers in the hospital. 'It needed all the hospital to walk out with us, and it would have been over ages ago,' said Cathy Bryan. NUPE has organised sympathy action, but it has been sporadic. 'The union can't force people out if they don't want to. People are frightened for their jobs,' said another woman.

Labour MPs and miners' leaders have joined the picket line. But the support that was most needed — in hospitals facing the same threat of competitive tendering — has not been given. 'We're doing this to save the health service, but people just walk by. It'll be too late when there is no hospital bed for their child,' said one picket.

Rodney Bickerstaffe's rhetoric recognises the threat to the jobs and pay of his mainly women members, but as yet the public sector unions have not developed a strategy for drawing the campaigns together. Hospitals and councils are being picked off one by one, though concerted action has stopped a few councils from going to outside firms. But even in cases where the work has stayed in-house, staff have accepted job cuts and worse conditions.

The miners' strike has not inspired confidence. 'If they can do that to the miners, what is there for us. We're only a drop in the ocean,' said one picket. □

*Part of the Team, "a workers' plan for domestic services at Barking Hospital," is available from Barking and Dagenham Health Emergency.



Michael Meacher MP sets up a common front with striking cleaners

Stefano Cagnoni/ITF



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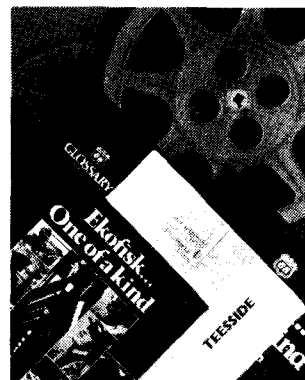
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HE LOVES TO BE HATED

Jolyon Jenkins on how Patrick Harrington has capitalised on media attention and divided the student Left

NEXT MONDAY students at the North London Polytechnic (NLP) will be electing next year's Student Union executive. By the time the successful candidates take office in September, Patrick Harrington should have passed his finals and left. With the miners back, the temptation to make illegal payments from student union funds (which led to the receiver being called in) will be lessened. So the two areas where the union has clashed with the law should be diffused — unless the NF sends in another organiser to grab the attention of the Left and the press.

Many of the executive posts are not being contested, and the political make-up of the new executive can be predicted with some certainty as being pretty much the same as it is now. The low key nature of these elections seems at first sight to be confirmation that NLP's acting director, John Beishon, brought in from South Bank Polytechnic, has brought NLP back on an even keel by winning the trust of all parties and sorting out a decent compromise.

In fact, the current executive sees Beishon as a hatchet man brought in specifically to push through cuts, and trust him as much as Scargill

trusts MacGregor. And the low level of overt student activity masks the fact that, in the words of the latest issue of NLP's student newspaper, *Fuse*, there has been a 'complete breakdown of any semblance of unity within the "Harrington Out" campaign'.

The present executive consists of one Labour Party member (the president), one 'non-aligned socialist', three Socialist Workers Student Society (SWSS) members, a lesbian-feminist, an anarchist, and three non-political, though left-leaning members. It's unusual in that several members were elected on a specific 'Harrington Out/Support the Miners' slate in a by-election in October last year. That election had a large turnout — about 10 per cent, compared with, for example, three per cent in the 1982-3 elections.

The only posts being contested with any enthusiasm this time are the glamorous ones of *Fuse* editor and Social Secretary. Otherwise the Left should get a clear run, with slightly more non-aligned socialists and fewer SWSS members.

What is interesting is that a number of people decided, rather late in the day, not to stand.

Generally coming under the banner of 'ultra-left' — some of them Maoists, some Spartacists, some Workers' Revolutionary Party — they are people who have been critical of the current executive's handling of the 'Harrington Out' and the Miners' Support campaigns. It is not clear whether their decision reflects a realistic assessment of their chances of electoral success, or a disdain for the democratic process.

They criticise particularly the compromise which Beishon negotiated at the start of this term whereby, as the students understood it, Harrington was to be effectively isolated by being given individual tuition at a house in Benwell Road, away from the main NLP buildings. In return, students agreed to call off the picketing against him. On 14 January, 16 students signed an undertaking to this effect in the High Court and thus avoided going to prison. (Two students had already been sent down.)

But it then appeared that Harrington was not actually going to be confined to Benwell Road. In spite of having several hundred books there for his personal use, he was given his own room in the Polytechnic's Kentish Town library. He then caused some tense moments when he took to emerging periodically into the rest of the library. He also turned up regularly to the canteen to eat yoghurt in splendid isolation.

SOME OF the executive think that by permitting Harrington to 'strut the corridors of Kentish Town with impunity' as the latest *Fuse* puts it, Beishon has reneged on the Benwell Road deal. The feeling among the ultra-leftists is that it should never have been agreed to in the first place, and that the 16 students (which included four executive members) should not have signed the undertakings.

A leaflet put out by 'Democratic Students against Fascism' (an ultra-left umbrella organisation) says that the undertakings were 'bonds of surrender' and that 'the 16 students have now been castrated for the purposes of the campaign' with the executive members 'reduced to a corps of eunuchs under the command of the authorities'. This macho language is indicative of a male-dominated and physical approach towards Harrington which has left some women in the campaign feeling marginalised and angry. They have added their voice to the analysis of the running of the campaign with criticism of the macho attitudes.

The ultra-left pamphlet also attacks SWSS (five of whose members are among the 16) for hypocrisy, quoting a SWSS attack on Davyd McNamara (a non-aligned socialist on the current executive) who signed a similar undertaking in May 1984.

According to John Leatham, one of the jailed students and a SWSS member, the ultra-leftists in the campaign have been at least as concerned with attacking SWSS as with the actual Harrington campaign. (They have certainly not been discriminating in their targets: another leaflet accuses ILEA and its leader, Frances Morrell, of being a 'promoter of fascist licences'.) Leatham also believes that the ultra-leftists have generally acted in an undisciplined way and made a lot of noise, but have kept themselves out of trouble.

The executive now accepts that it is in no position to break the law; its tactic instead is to try to get Beishon to approach the High Court



Harrington leaves his lecture-for-one with a 10-strong bodyguard and his lawyer, Tessa Sempick

Stefano Cagnoni/IFL

with a view to getting the Harrington-protecting injunction lifted on the ground that Harrington is not being prevented from getting an education, but is now simply trying to cause disruption. Beishon doesn't think the High Court would accept this argument.

The Executive's view of Beishon is that he is ILEA's hard man, put in to smash the 'Harrington Out' campaign and student activity, and to push through cuts — though the President, Pete Ross, suspects that Beishon is actually having to be softer on Harrington than he would like because of ILEA's pressure. Beishon's position is that his only concern is to make sure NLP stays open; and that, if the law is broken and disruption continues, it will most certainly be closed. The claim is treated with much scepticism by the executive, who say that this threat is used every time there is student militancy.

The lack of trust between the Union and the Directorate could make for a stormy year ahead. Complex changes in the way the Union is funded are going to require detailed consultation between the two sides, and it's hard to see this happening in the present atmosphere.

But the most sinister threat is from the National Front. Ian Stuart, a member of the NF's directorate, told its AGM in October: 'We have to restrain ourselves at the moment. But when Patrick has finished his course we'll go down there and annihilate that filth.' Some activists have been sufficiently worried to move house regularly.

Similarly, if the NF really is grooming another member to pass two A levels and get a place at NLP to be the next NF 'student organiser' (as is rumoured) then his physical safety could not be assured. Campaigners phrase themselves with care on this point — when on the record — but the new Harrington would be unlikely to be allowed to get into the same favourable position of being able to legitimise his activities by appearing to get the courts on his side and cash in on media attention. □

NUCLEAR POWER

VERY FEW JOKES BUT AN AWFUL LOT OF PAPER

After a long and tedious inquiry, objectors to 'Sizewell B' will be relieved to go home on Thursday. Now they have to wait and see whether this was yet another pretence at democracy which fails to take their views into account. Rob Edwards takes a look at 27 months of ponderings at Snape Maltings

OVERWHELMING RELIEF will be a dominant feeling for anyone who had anything to do with the 'Sizewell B' public enquiry as it draws to its end this week. It is as if a prison sentence has ended or a huge burden been lifted. Whatever the pros and cons of this mammoth attempt at planning democracy, the one thing that by the end united all sides — protagonists, objectors and all the rest — was their boredom.

The objectors — especially the few hardy souls who hung around Snape Maltings in Suffolk for much of the two and a quarter years — got fed up. Their money kept running out, the inspector, Sir Frank Layfield, kept restricting their rights and the CEBG kept altering its plans. None of them can believe that Layfield will end up recommending outright rejection of the Board's plans for an American style pressurized water reactor (PWR) at Sizewell.

The CEBG got fed up too. Its initially planned starting date for Sizewell has had to be delayed for at least two years. It saw the age-old controversy over choice of nuclear reactor spring to life again, after the South of Scotland Electricity Generating Board attempted to destroy the economic case for a PWR in preference to the British-designed Advanced

Gas Cooled Reactor (AGR).

The CEBG was forced to reorganise its project management after a scathing attack from Rio Tinto-Zinc's Sir Alistair Frame. In spite of its public relations bluster, it must now find the chances of an unconditional go-ahead from Sir Frank hard to imagine.

The civil servants who administered the paper chase — an extraordinary administrative operation for which all parties were full of praise — also got fed up. They had initially been told that their transfer from London to Snape would last perhaps six months and, beautiful though the area is, they were not all pleased to have to stay longer. Many of them now face an extended sentence in Oxford, near Sir Frank's home, where the final report will be written up over the next six to nine months.

Even Sir Frank — inscrutability personified — has shown signs of tetchiness. Indeed his treatment of one of the few pro-nuclear participants from outside the industry, the eccentric but harmless Dr Kitty Little, was so harsh that objectors began to feel sorry for her.

Journalists — easily bored at the best of times — have long since deserted the inquiry. They were there on day one, there for Arthur Scargill and Tony Benn, and will gather again to witness the end on Thursday. With one or two honourable exceptions, staff journalists have ignored the event, leaving coverage to two heroic freelancers, Roger Milne and David Green, who have persisted in submitting interesting copy to uninterested editors. Many objectors, like Friends of the Earth, have thus been frustrated by the inquiry, for they were expecting it to provide a platform for publicity.

After 340 days, 16 million words, 5,500 documents and the photocopying of 11 million sheets of paper (enough, according to the CEBG, to stretch from London to Cairo) all this is hardly surprising. The tedium is so suffocating that when participants are asked to remember any good inquiry jokes their minds go blank, as if they had been asked to describe the ten most exciting moments in televised golf.

For the record there were some good jokes — perhaps the best being the revelation that somebody (a paranoid foreign company like Westinghouse?) had actually paid a private detective agency to uncover the names and addresses of objectors, information that was freely available from the inquiry secretariat. Then there was the occasion when a Friends of

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Invasion of the tape-apes

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Plus: Jennifer Armstrong on Sizewell, Maryon Tysoe on porn and violence, David Widgery on the Rolling Stones

NEWSOCIETY

the Earth car slid across the ice in Snape car park and crashed into a Volvo belonging to a member of the CEBG's legal team — an illustration say FoE, of how accidents can happen.

JOKING APART, something of importance has happened at Snape. According to some of the civil servants involved, the government's main motive in setting up the inquiry was to take the political heat out of the nuclear power issue. Rather than face the political difficulties inherent in any decision to build PWRs at Sizewell and elsewhere, it decided on a 'low profile' approach, using a mechanism which would appear to give independent backing to the programme.

This strategy may yet be successful. A basically favourable recommendation, while not certain, is still the most likely result. And even if Layfield hedged his go-ahead with a series of stringent conditions, the government could quite easily accept the recommendations but jettison the conditions. A recommendation that favoured the AGR instead of the PWR would re-open the industry's old wounds and would create more difficult problems for the government.

The political temperature of the PWR issue has — at least in the interim — been cool. But there are signs of government dismay at the delays caused by the inquiry's unprecedented length. It looks likely that procedures for future inquiries, such as those into plans for radioactive waste dumping and any fast reactor proposals, will be speeded up. Special development orders have already been introduced to allow research into possible waste dumping sites to go ahead without any form of public consultation.

The inquiry has brought tangible gains for objectors. A great deal of information on safety, economics and plutonium has been unearthed that otherwise would have remained secret. Substantial holes have been blasted in the CEBG's case and perhaps the most comprehensive and detailed statement of the case against nuclear power to date has been assembled. The gross inadequacies of the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate and its laborious safety licensing procedures have been exposed for all to see. On a personal level, lay people have discovered that they can act as lawyers, while friendships and marriages have been made and broken.

But now many objectors are wondering whether it was really worth it. Bankrupt, exhausted and frustrated, they will have to wait for Layfield's report — perhaps until next year — before they will know. There are some fears that Layfield will 'do a Parker' and — like Mr Justice Parker after the 100-day Windscale Inquiry in 1977 — produce a very one-sided report. If Layfield's report at least explains why arguments are accepted or rejected, it will be an improvement. If on the other hand it makes the same mistakes, it will do more to polarize the nuclear power debate than anything else. The likelihood of civil disobedience — even from groups as temperate as Friends of the Earth — will increase, and the prospects of future inquiries will be grim. □

Rob Edwards was CND's co-ordinator at the Inquiry.

MINERS' STRIKE

MINERS RETURN WITH HEADS HELD HIGH

A 'Little Moscow' of the 1920, Maerdy today carries the tradition of a political community. But, reports Tony Heath, it is the politics of a new socialism

MAERDY, the last pit in the Rhondda, delivered a convincing riposte to a government which hoped that by returning to work on Tuesday the miners were conceding defeat. The manner and execution of the counter-stroke were in the best traditions of socialism in the South Wales coalfield which remained virtually solid throughout the dispute.

At daybreak, 600 miners and 1,000 supporters, from as afield as Oxford, West Bromwich and North Wales, formed up outside the huge 'Workmen's Hall' for the march to the pit a mile away. It was as though the Chartists were being reborn, massing behind the 20th century banners of NUPE, the Transport and General, the Communist Party and Women's Support Groups — with the Maerdy NUM Lodge banner dominant.

The sight of such an assembly subdued a media army from across the Severn Bridge which, having virtually ignored the Rhondda for a year, descended on the village the previous night. The colliery band led the procession past pavements lined with people — many in their nightclothes, some weeping openly. The tears were tears of pride not of defeat. For Maerdy came out united, went back united and, if needs be, will come out again united.

Political leadership by the Lodge, underpinned by the loyalty of a community to its pit and its people, will ensure that. Standing on the roof of the colliery canteen, Arfon Evans, the lodge chairman, told the crowd that far from ending in defeat the strike had forged new alliances to combat the Tory government. Coupling the peace movement and the women's movement with the NUM he declared 'our strength is with you. Our future is with you. We stand fight together.'

That was an echo of Maerdy's past, the voice of the communists and socialists of the 1920s and '30s when the village was called 'Little Moscow'. A communist since his teens, Evans now 37 encapsulates the sort of outward-looking socialism of the future. He sees the development of such alliances as the way forward, a new socialism which contrasts sharply with 'Labourism' in South Wales — a shell paying homage to leaders who do not deliver when in power and dither in opposition.

The South Wales NUM President Emlyn Williams, a veteran of the Labour Left, summed it up when he said: 'Kinnock's utterances during the strike were tragic. He

stayed on the fence. When he fell, he fell the wrong way.'

There is little possibility of Maerdy and the South Wales miners sitting on a fence. With their supporters, including Labour activists, communists, members of Plaid Cymru and unattached socialists, they are creating a counter-community within the existing one.

Local historians date Maerdy's political thrust from the appointment of communist Arthur Horner as checkweighman on May Day 1919. During the 1926 strike Maerdy Lodge literally became the executive power in the village. In political communities, history stays fresh and in 1984 something of that power emerged again. In November the pit manager was persuaded not to send out letters urging men to give up the strike; banks and building societies were prevailed upon to act generously; many smaller shopkeepers exercised greater community care — and gave longer credit — than the daughter of a Grantham grocer now in No 10 would approve of.

Barbara Williams, suffering from multiple sclerosis, who helps to run Maerdy's support group from a wheelchair, recalls that as a girl 25 years ago she helped to pay off a grocery bill run up by her grandmother in the hard inter-war years. She said: 'History will repeat itself. We are stronger than Mrs Thatcher.'

Now, as in the 1920s, the workmen's institute is acceptable to everyone — even to tabloid hacks scurrying to obey edicts that miners must be rubbished. Few hours before the men marched back there was celebration in the institute in which miners and their wives joined trade unionists from the Midlands and supporters from Aberystwyth. All work unstintingly for 'their pit'.

There is still talk of the bailiffs of 50 years ago who tried to evict families owing rates. The 29 members of the Maerdy Council of Action — an anti-bailiff organisation — received sentences of hard labour totalling seven years for thwarting them. Today Steve Richards, a young communist miner, remembers the £50 fine meted out to some of his colleagues for spitting while on picket duty in England. In 1983 he spent five days underground at a neighbouring pit in an attempt to prevent its closure. That failed. So he moved to Maerdy, his third colliery in less than ten years. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather worked underground and he says quietly 'I expect my own son to be given the same chance.'

Maerdy is the last pit in the Rhondda, where once more than 50 collieries dug 9½ million tons of coal a year — 10 per cent of Britain's present capacity. Just before the strike, the Lodge reluctantly agreed to an underground link-up with Tower, a pit in the next valley, which would result in 100 surface workers at Maerdy losing their jobs. It did so because it believed it was a way of preserving something of the area's most significant place of work.

After a year on strike, there is no likelihood of the Lodge making further concessions. On Tuesday the band played the Internationale and the first Spring sun warmed the large crowd which clapped and cheered as the men passed through the pit gates. It was not difficult to believe that up on the hills the ghosts of Arthur Horner, A. J. Cook, Will Paynter and Dai Francis — and thousands of unnamed Rhondda miners — were joining in the applause. □

NO CASH FOR REBELS

Last Thursday, more than 3,000 young people staged a rally and lobby of Parliament as part of a 'national fightback' against being forced to do the government-sponsored Youth Training Scheme. Quentin McDermott looks at the issues

MRS THATCHER does not take kindly to being disobeyed. It seems that at least 200,000 unemployed teenagers are currently daring to do exactly that by refusing places on Youth Training Schemes (YTS). On 19 March she is expected to try to bring them to heel by announcing cuts to further punish the wayward 16-17 year olds who won't do YTS.

The cuts, part of a Green Paper by Lord Young, were first presented by the Prime Minister in a reassuringly maternal style in the warm glow of the pre-Christmas season. She claimed that most parents would agree with her that young people 'should not have the option of being unemployed', glossing over the fact that a growing number are rebelling against YTS which they see as cheap labour, often in dangerous working conditions (see NS 27 July 1984) primarily in order to keep the unemployment figures down.

Young people refusing to do YTS are already being punished. Since September 1983 over 11,000 16- and 17-year olds have had their benefit reduced by 40 per cent for six weeks for 'unreasonably' refusing a place on YTS or leaving it early. Even so, nearly 40 per cent of last year's places were not filled. If supplementary benefit is denied to 16- and 17-year-olds it is still unlikely that the MSC will fill all the 400,000 places approved for this year.

The government blames this on social security benefits being too high and providing a life of luxury for 'shirkers'. But as the independent charity Youthaid points out, benefits are so low now, that the lowest paid 10 per cent of people under 18, who only earn £36 a week, nevertheless take home twice as much as the £17.30 they would get on social security. 'There is no problem of an "incentive to work" among these groups. Their only problem is the shortage of jobs,' says Youthaid.

THE PROBLEM also remains of where young people go after their year on YTS. In December, MSC Director Geoffrey Holland, speaking at a national careers conference, suggested that the money at present used in benefit payments to the under-18s, could instead go to finance a two-year training programme for that age group.

A further possibility, given substantial support in a *Times* editorial, in December, envisages a compulsory scheme of national community service for unemployed young

people. While admitting there was still considerable hostility to the idea, the *Times* suggested there were 'colossal social arguments' in its favour.

With no independent source of income, many school leavers will be forced to stay at home — especially as the government also plans to cut jobless teenagers' board and lodging benefits. Threshold, a London-based housing service for single people and childless couples, forecasts that hundreds of young people will be forced on to the streets by the new regulations, or forced to go back to homes they have left because of family disputes, overcrowding, physical abuse, or eviction by their parents.

Many trade unionists acknowledge that the Youth Task Group report of 1982, on which YTS was based — and on the basis of which the TUC lent its support to YTS — is now totally discredited. The real model of present government thinking is seen as the 1981 report on Youth Unemployment, by the government think-tank, CPRS, and its endorsement by the then head of the Number 10 Policy Unit, Sir John Hoskyns. In his private memo to Mrs Thatcher, Hoskyns appeared to accept the

political consequences of 'reversing the tide towards greater juvenile independence from parental income and influence'.

On the issue of the training year being compulsory or voluntary, Hoskyns saw 'obvious hazards' about the 'compulsory' label, but suggested they could be reduced by the right presentation; 16 year-olds could be free not to participate in the scheme, but they would receive no benefit at all. Significantly, Hoskyns also strongly supported measures for increasing the differential between young people's and adults' wages — including the abolition of wages councils, which particularly affect young workers. At the very least, Lord Young's Green Paper is expected to remove young people from the scope of wages councils — as well as reducing their statutory employment protection rights.

The TUC's involvement in writing the Youth Task Group Report, and its involvement in the MSC, is beginning to look like a ploy to give unions the illusion of holding some direct influence over the design of training and the pay and conditions of young people, while those very rights are systematically stripped away.

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The history of YTS appears to confirm this view — starting with the government ignoring the Task Group proposal that the YTS allowance be index-linked, and ending with the flouting of the Task Group's stated 'cardinal principle' that participation in YTS should be voluntary. The Task Group also stressed that the 'safety net' of unemployment or supplementary benefit for young people should continue.

If mere statements of opposition are all that come from unions, employers, voluntary organisations, Labour authorities, and the MSC, there is little prospect of stopping the cuts going ahead. In particular, without the sanction of withdrawal from the MSC, the TUC will remain powerless to prevent the scheme they originally agreed to changing beyond all recognition. Many trade unionists at a local level see a final rift with the MSC and with the scheme as a whole as inevitable.

One such is Rod Robertson, who works for the local government union NALGO, sits on the London South East Area Manpower Board, and is Secretary of the South East Regional TUC Employment and Training Committee. He told the NS: 'If 16- and 17-year-olds are not entitled to supplementary benefit, they will have no alternative but to go on to YTS, stay at school, depend on their parents, or live rough. It will be the poorest families which will be affected. I just cannot see how the TUC could possibly continue to support the scheme if that happens.'

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□ John Stokes MP, a stalwart member of the Imperial Right, was in no doubt about the outcome of the Ponting trial. He went to the Old Bailey, 'and as soon as I saw that most of the jury weren't wearing ties, I knew we'd lost.' — *Observer* (John Morrison)

□ A friend had a new sink fitted and put the old one out for collection by dustmen. With it, she left a 50p piece and a note saying: 'Please take this.' They did, but left the sink! — *People's Journal* (M. Manners Simpson)

□ Judge Hopkins, in Nottingham Crown Court, has upheld an appeal by a striking miner who was convicted for shouting 'scabby dog' at another miner. The judge ruled that the phrase was only offensive 'if addressed to a dog'. — *Observer* (Margaret Lintott)

'Dirty 30' Badges, T Shirts, Plates. . .

Leicestershire Striking Miners, supported so generously in the past by *New Statesman* readers, have now produced for sale the following items: Tankards (£5); Plates (£5); Die Cast Badges (£5); T Shirts (£3 — sizes M, L, XL) & Posters (large £1; small 50p).

NS readers wishing to purchase any of these commemorative items should write to: **Dave Douglas, 24 Aber Road, Stonegate, Leicester LE2 2BA (tel: 0533-708125)**, making sure to mention the NS. Details of designs etc are also available from Dave Douglas.



Sunday isn't Sunday without a good paper

Phillip Whitehead

I'VE LAMENTED before in this column the fact that the dull thud of the posh Sundays through the letter-box has grown duller by the month. The market leader, the *Sunday Times*, mixes vulgarity and a memo-to-Maggie style which plants it to the right of the government. It has abandoned the idea of the general intelligent reader in favour of chasing consumer markets, based on the sex, class and buying power of readers. The *Observer*, thin enough to be an Oxfam ad, looks marginalised by the doubts about its future. The *Sunday Telegraph* is — the *Daily Telegraph*, not alas in drag but in dreary subfusc. So there has been for some time an excluded middle between these papers and the strident tabloid pack.

At last some efforts are being made to fill it, with papers which in very different ways might put the heat on the indifferent repast we are now served up on Sundays. If they don't, another challenger will. The union-busting Eddie Shah plans to come out of his Warrington redoubt to take on the nationals with a paper which uses new technology and the motorways, rather than Fleet Street presses and the railways, to circulate it. That will be rightly seen by the print unions as an act of war. To overcome it, however, will need more than a challenge to Shah's operations and the legal cloak which will be cast over them. The unions will need to show that innovation and pluralism are possible.

There are moves to test the water. Clive Thornton, late of the Mirror Group, is the chief adviser to a group who have secured £56,000 for a feasibility study from the Greater London Enterprise Board, NUPE and the TGWU. The moving spirits are not the tired old names who have been associated with a new Labour paper ever since the demise of the *Daily Herald*, but younger people who come from a diversity of backgrounds in media and marketing.

They think a left-of-centre tabloid of 56 pages, Labour-inclined but not narrowly political, could be launched on an initial capital of £4 million. That would come from institutional backers, including trade unions, from the journalists and print-workers themselves, and from subscribers. They are looking at presses in London and have talked to both Probroom and the *Morning Star*. In my view they would be extremely foolish to ignore the option of printing outside London, even if co-operation for the new venture can be found inside the capital on favourable terms. They have the help and advice of James Curran, who launched the magazine *New Socialist* to a success well beyond the expectation of its early backers. They can either be the left equivalent of the *Mail on Sunday* or something more like a Sunday version of the *Guardian*.

Such a venture could work on a circulation of 400,000 for the down-market version, 250,000 for the posher alternative, with readers culled from the frustrated readership of the present Sunday press. A great deal will depend on the goodwill of the print unions. If they really want a newspaper which stands apart from the general union bashing of Fleet Street, they have it in their hands to make the kind of agreements which can convince investors, build readership and consolidate advertising.

Elsewhere in the Fleet Street undergrowth a different experiment is in the making at the *Financial Times*, preparations are far advanced for a weekend version of the paper, printed on Saturdays but with a browsing-life of 48 hours. The *FT* management are out to exploit the curious fact that their Saturday edition sells more than its weekday predecessors, with a print run of around 274,000. This has been built up over the years on readers who want to look at the state of the markets once a week, but cannot or will not pay the high cost of the pink 'un every day. Add to this a 14-page high class review supplement, the theory goes, and you have a paper which will stick around for the weekend, and not be put out with the cat on the arrival of the vacuous Sunday 'heavies'.

It is a minority view on the Left, but I believe the *FT* to be a first-class paper of its type. It gives more coverage to both sides of industry and their failings than any other paper, and can be unsparing with the faults of management. Since it is concerned with the health of capitalism this is not surprising. The kind of reader who buys the *FT* needs to know about lousy management. He also needs to know the real picture in industrial relations, not the kind of wild and unrealistic optimism which marks out the Rothermere and Murdoch papers. The sober assessment of the end of the NUM strike in the *FT* on Monday was infinitely the best in Fleet Street. The *FT* management react nervously to any suggestions that the re-vamped Saturday paper is any great departure. It will not be double-dated. But if it manages to be around all weekend it will help to put the soggy Sunday offerings on their mettle.

The fact is that new departures to the left and to the right, which put quality and diversity ahead of the fashion for buffoon politics and bingo millionaires are to be welcomed. If Fleet Street cannot embrace innovation it will come in less palatable forms. It is time for those who relish the ancient conspiracies and monopolies which constrain our national press to count their cost. Without diversity Fleet Street will wither, and the print-workers be left frightening their children with the name of Eddie Shah.

DIARY

Claudia Wright

Penang

If you have ever been chased by beefy white Caucasian louts, yelling at the tops of their voices *Ching Chong Chinaman*, you will recognise the warm relief that wells up when one arrives in a country where every head has black hair, the Chinese are big and beefy and such blond and blue-eyed children as remain don't dare breathe a racist word. Such is the island of Penang, on the Indian Ocean coast of Malaysia, which is the headquarters of one of Southeast Asia's most progressive organisations, the Consumers Association of Penang. As a part-Chinese who grew up in an Australian goldmining town where my great-grandfather used to dodge the local police as he bought smuggled scraps of gold, and where my relatives bore the ominous name of Goon, it is refreshing to come here for a conference organised by Mohammed Idris, president of CAP, on bringing law and justice to the aid of the poor and underdeveloped communities of the region.

A century ago, when the British stood guard here over the Malacca Straits and the colonial elite used to alternate in their leisure between the seaside villas of Penang and the cool hill stations to the south and west, the local Chinese community erected a temple that was filled with snakes. It still stands beside the busy road from the airport, where its reputation diverts the tourist traffic to shake a few ringgits from their pockets. At the Snake Temple of Penang, the guides assure you that the green and gold snakes are lethal, but that they have been lulled into harmlessness by the temple incense. They are certainly some of the most mannered adders I've seen — not a flick of forked tongue, or sudden baring of fangs. They birth their young in slithering piles on the kumquat trees growing in large pots in the courtyard and the young ones seem as zombie as their elders. Perhaps the cause is a diet of gum opium stockpiled where the tourist-minded city authorities would be reluctant to seize it.

In a real sense the entire island of Penang — and Malaysia beyond it — is in the grip of an equally potent soporific. It is dependent, economically and psychologically, on the fix that tourists and Westernisation in general offer. Malaysia's trade is much more export-oriented than most of its geographical neighbours and its exports — oil, rubber, tin and timber — have all been hit hard by the global recession since 1981. An illuminating short book by the Malaysian economist, Khor Kok Peng, who was a participant in the CAP conference, shows that the government in Kuala Lumpur has made the export slump deeper and longer by mimicking Reagan-Thatcher deflationary policies and cutting government spending on everything but internal security and defence.

'See the Third World while it lasts' is the title of a new CAP report on the impact of tourism on Malaysia. For years the *E. coli* levels have steadily risen to record the impact of high-rise hotel construction and inadequate sewage disposal on the purity of the sea water at Batu Ferringhi, Penang's major beach, and other well-known resorts. The disappearance of fresh fish, meat and vegetables from the hotel menus and their replacement by the international ersatz cuisine of pizza, Kentucky-fried chicken, and hamburgers is in part the result of the health hazards that locally produced food now poses. But just how mindlessly this type of 'modernisation' is pursued is plain in Penang. Although Malaysian economists generally agree that the rate of growth in food imports must be slowed, and local food-growing and fishing stimulated, I was shown several examples of small farmers being driven off land to make way for office and hotel development, while fishermen face the loss of their livelihood as coral reefs, mangrove swamps along the shoreline and natural fisheries are being systematically destroyed by construction and pollution. To make sure a new bridge linking Penang Island to the mainland will be as profitable as its boosters have claimed, the local authorities are intending to halt the low-cost ferries that presently carry most of the local people and impose a much higher toll on motorised traffic using the bridge. The cost of imported cars and of bridge and road-building is draining the country's scarce resources and enlarging its already bloated foreign debt.

To the activists of the CAP, who deal daily with the petty bribery of sex-tour operators or with land-grant manipulation, there has been little

ROGER WODDIS

The Undeclared

'Mrs Thatcher has really got us going.' — the wife of a Welsh miner

It is over at last, the donkeys bray,
The enemy crushed and scattered;
When nothing brutal could break the will,
The hungry child and the unpaid bill
Were finally all that mattered.

And the pundits clamour to have their say,
And the words of the wise are solemn,
And the chosen images fill the screen,
And a tame *Times*-servitor quotes the Queen,
As the blood runs down this column.

And yet . . . and yet . . . there is something more
That cannot be overridden:
The spirit flaring, the anger fired,
The sleeper stirred and the heart inspired
Are not to be faked or hidden.

Uncounted still are the blows they bore,
Unfaded the hopes of winning;
With banners flying and heads held high,
In a darkening year they propped the sky,
And know it is just beginning.



surprise in the release of the government's inquiry into the billion dollar corruption of the Bank Bumiputra and a chain of payoffs and fraudulent loans that runs from Hong Kong to Kuala Lumpur. To many young Malay Muslims, the impact of this corruption has been to generate growing support for a new Islamic party known by its initials, PAS, that is challenging the dominant United Malays' National Organisation (UMNO) and the Moslem establishment represented by Prime Minister Datuk Seri Mahathir Mohammed. He and his subordinates, who are angling for an issue on which to precipitate an early election, have accused PAS of planning 'suicide squads' and terrorism backed by alleged contacts with Iran. Undisturbed by the incongruity of linking the new Muslim fundamentalists with the Chinese insurgents of the 1950s, the government has accused PAS of 'behaving like Communists'. Police surveillance of PAS leaders is tight. There have been jailings of provincial leaders and party rallies have been banned.

The atmosphere of repression is so pervasive it was difficult for some of the lawyers and judges attending the Penang conference to speak their minds. Gurdial Singh Nijar, a lawyer who attacked Malaysian magistrates for insensitivity to the rural poor, said after his comments had appeared with a photograph in the local paper that he expected retaliation in court. A judge from an Asian High Court asked in conversation that I not reveal his name abroad because he was afraid his government would send thugs around to his house. He told me that in his country 'there is growing impatience at the lack of vision and creativity of the judiciary who are isolated by reason of their privileged background. There is growing impatience at the undue deference which the judiciary gives the executive so sycophantically'. That a senior judge should be afraid of attaching his name to that statement shows how serious the problem is in what Ronald Reagan likes to call the Free World.

ARAB MOVES FOR PEACE

Scott MacLeod reports on the concessions by Arab leaders to break the deadlock on Israel and Palestine — and the readiness of the USA to respond to the new opportunities

ARAB LEADERS have been mounting an extraordinary peace offensive. It is led by Jordan's King Hussein, with the crucial support of Yasser Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO). Now, on the eve of his visits to the United States, Britain and France, in mid-March, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak has come up with the 'Mubarak initiative'.

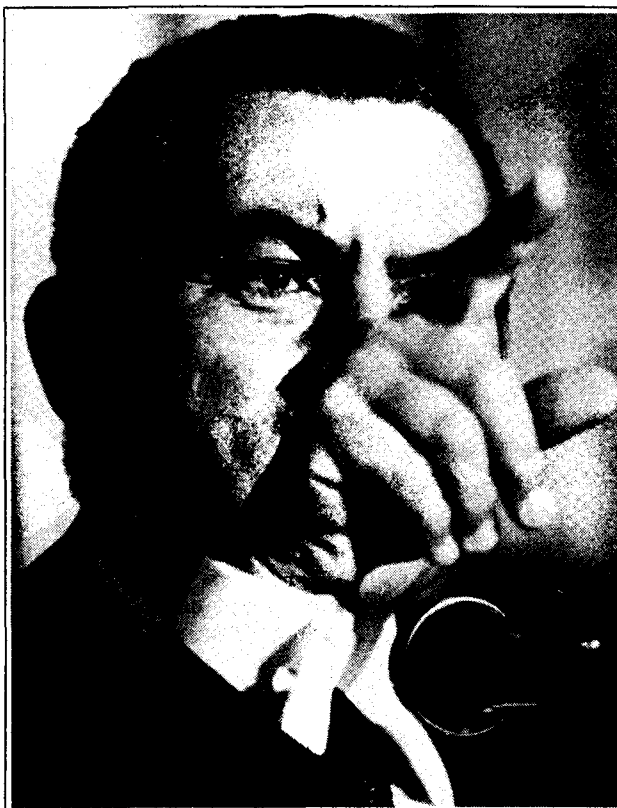
If Israel and its main backer, the Reagan Administration, fail to grasp what may be a fleeting opportunity — and there is much reason to think that they will indeed fail to do so — the consequence will be another tragedy for the Middle East.

The opportunity lies in Arafat's important gesture on 11 February. In agreeing to a formula proposed by Hussein, intended to foster peace negotiations with Israel, Arafat finally accepted the 'land-for-peace' principle embodied in United Nations Resolution 242. While Resolution 242 requires the Jewish state to return Arab lands seized in the Six-Day war, it also compels the Arabs to recognize Israel's right to exist within secure and peaceful borders. Therefore Arafat is renouncing the 1968 PLO Charter which declares 'armed struggle is the only way to liberate Palestine'.

Arafat's move also should be good news for the PLO. The United States is the one country, most parties agree, with the power to play a successful mediation role in the Middle East conflict, and for this reason Arafat has long sought to establish formal relations with Washington. But a key obstacle barring ties has been the PLO's refusal to accept Resolution 242.

Hussein launched the Arab peace offensive in November, appealing for PLO flexibility and moderation at the 17th session of the organization's parliament-in-exile, the Palestine National Council. The king is energetically pressing his efforts because he fears further delay in reaching a settlement with Israel will mean Israel permanently occupying the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Already there are 42,500 Jewish settlers living among the West Bank's one million indigenous Palestinians.

Such an outcome would of course have serious repercussions for the Middle East, but most immediately for Jordan. In 1970-71, Hussein fought the 'Black September' war to drive the PLO out of Jordan after the frustrated guerrilla movement turned its attention to destabilizing the monarchy. Sixty per cent of Jordanians are Palestinians, and Hussein needs to make positive overtures to them. Though Hussein's formula mentions an international conference which would include the participation of the Soviet Union, its purpose is to lure the Americans back into the peace



Camera Press

President Mubarak, in Britain next week, is bringing Egypt back into Middle East politics

process so they can apply pressure for Israeli concessions.

Since it was first proposed on 1 September 1982, Hussein has wished to take full advantage of President Reagan's peace plan. The king has spent much of the past two and a half years trying to convince the PLO that it might provide the only realistic chance for satisfying Palestinian aspirations, some if not all of them. The Reagan plan asks Israel to give back the West Bank and Gaza Strip, where a self-governing Palestinian entity would be established in association with Jordan. Hussein renounced all claim to Palestinian territory which was formerly part of Jordan, so that is why he cannot enter peace talks on the status of the occupied lands without Palestinian participation.

In the 11 February agreement on Hussein's formula, Arafat made a second concession which was intended to present a positive Arab response to the Reagan Plan, which the White House says remains on offer. He agreed to establish a joint Jordanian-Palestinian negotiating team for the proposed peace talks with Israel, as envisaged by the Reagan Plan. This is important, for two reasons. First, it is a practical reinforcement of Arafat's willingness to talk to Israel as suggested in his acceptance of Resolution 242. Second, a Jordanian-Palestinian partnership suggests the PLO may

consider postponing its demand of full Palestinian independence, in favour of an 'entity linked to Jordan' initially, as sought by the Reagan Plan. But the Arab peace initiative could dissipate very rapidly unless its concessions, especially the positive steps taken by the PLO, are reciprocated.

In 1983, Hussein and Arafat were close to endorsing the Reagan Plan, but pro-Syrian radical PLO factions forced the PLO chairman to back off. After a PLO civil war, Arafat has shed the hardliners. Yet even among his own moderate inner circle Arafat is in the minority when it comes to taking risks to placate the Americans or Israelis. Senior PLO officials strongly object to the current trends, and will try to apply the brakes if gains do not come the PLO's way. What Arafat would like is Israeli/American flexibility on one and preferably both of the PLO's fundamental demands: recognition of the PLO as the 'sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people,' and the establishment of an independent Palestinian state.

However, Israel responded coolly to the news of the Hussein-Arafat agreement, and greeted the 'Mubarak initiative' with some enthusiasm precisely because it suggested that the joint Jordanian-Palestinian negotiating team could exclude card-carrying PLO members. Mubarak indeed floated this idea, but probably more as a

tactical manoeuvre aimed at stimulating Israeli/American interest.

HOPES HAVE been raised partly because the prime minister of Israel is the Labour Party's Shimon Peres and not the Likud bloc's Menachem Begin or one of his associates. Begin had rejected the Reagan plan a day after it was proposed, as Likud's programme opposes giving back occupied Arab territory on the grounds that it isn't part of Greater Israel.

Peres is eager to negotiate directly with the Jordanians, or even a joint Jordanian-Palestinian team. But his terms are not especially inviting for the Arabs. He insists on no preconditions, by which he means the Arabs can't have any. Peres makes several key items non-negotiable: Jerusalem shall remain the undivided capital of Israel; strategic sectors of the West Bank cannot be relinquished; 'no' to a Palestinian state.

Despite its eventual defeat in the Lebanon at the hands of Syria and Shi'ite resistance fighters, Israel remains in a strong bargaining position on the Palestinian problem. It launched the war in Lebanon not only to destroy the PLO as a military organization, but also as the political embodiment of Palestinian nationalism. A significant number of Israelis want to keep the West Bank and Gaza Strip, and they certainly don't want to hand the lands over to Palestinian nationalists whose ideology, in theory at least, questions the legitimacy of a Jewish nation in Palestine.

Therefore Peres is unlikely to sign an accord unless it overwhelmingly favours Israel where the Palestinian issue is concerned. Any talks with Arabs are likely to shake the coalition government that Peres heads; a precipitate move on his part would risk tipping the balance of power over to Likud.

It may well be that the United States feels a peace settlement can be imposed on the Arabs without the need to make concessions to them. This seems to be suggested by the inability of Secretary of State George Shultz to learn the lesson of Lebanon. With the Israeli army occupying a third of the country as leverage, Shultz personally pressured the weak Lebanese government to sign a peace treaty with Israel. Inevitably the 17 May 1983 treaty was ripped up when Lebanese Moslems, backed by Syria, rose up to drive out the US Marines and the Israel Defence Force. But Shultz's response was to blame the Arab states for not backing the 17 May record — as though that could have saved it.

The re-entry of Egypt, the mother of Arab states, in the Middle East political arena may prove decisive. Until King Hussein broke Arab ranks to re-establish diplomatic relations with Cairo in October, Egypt had been prevented from playing its traditional role because of its peace treaty with Israel. Mubarak has displayed an imaginative approach — using Egypt's ties with Israel, Jordan, the PLO and the United States — to encourage flexibility above all else in the hope some modest acts of good faith can get a genuine peace process going.

How far Mubarak is willing to press will depend on the American response. After all, his first priority is Egypt's welfare. Mubarak is seeking \$3.2 billion in US aid — a one billion increase — and he is playing peacemaker now because it serves his image on Capitol Hill. □

FRANCE

OPEN HAND TO CLENCHED FIST

Anne Corbett describes the
new anti-racism

Paris

'DON'T TOUCH my mate,' it says on the brightly coloured plastic hand you see being worn by numerous French lyc  e and university students and the young in community centres. It is the latest French anti-racist slogan. Almost 50,000 badges have been sold since November, a measure of the appeal of an open hand to challenge the fascist clenched fist.

That may not be enough this Sunday to dent the National Front poll in the first round of the French district council elections. Its wearers anyway affect to scorn the political timetable. But it is a new element on the French public scene, where the irresistible rise of Jean-Marie Le Pen and his Front is, after 18 months, at last beginning to look resistible.

The last three weeks have seen the divided Right trying to overcome its strategic error in not having distanced itself earlier from its uncomfortable political neighbour. With the notable exception of the former president, Val  ry Giscard d'Estaing, who remains resolutely silent, the leaders are now falling over themselves to reject alliances — or new alliances — with the NF.

It suddenly seems light years ago that last September the newly appointed Prime Minister, Laurence Fabius, making his first television broadcast, conceded to Le Pen that, though his answers were totally unacceptable, he was asking the right questions: 'insecurity, immigration, the egoism produced by crisis'.

Since then three factors have made themselves felt. In October the Fabius government announced measures reminiscent of the Giscard government in their severity. There was to be no more 'family immigration'. Illegal immigration would be even more severely punished. Public opinion seemed to approve. (Two thirds said 'yes' to the family limits; three quarters still say 'no' to giving the vote to immigrants in local elections.) But two thirds of the French are also realist. They expect the existing immigrants to stay.

There is now public fuss about the consequence of the facile and dangerous Le Pen equation: immigrants = unemployment = crime. The 20 or so incidents between 1982 and early 1984 in which young men of Algerian or Moroccan origin were killed for apparently racist reasons created little impact outside the victims' immediate circle. But the cold-blooded killing in late 1983 of an Algerian visitor to France who, by bad luck, was on the same train to Bordeaux as three racist foreign legionaries, stirred some collective guilt; no one had even pulled the communication cord.

WHAT GIVES MOST hope for the future is the mood which has been building up among the allegedly depoliticised young in the city suburb housing estates — precisely those areas of greatest potential alienation, where housing is worst, jobs most difficult to find and police harassment most marked. In September 1983 a handful of those who were then known as the 'second generation' immigrants — the children born in France of Algerian and Moroccan origin — went down to Marseilles to begin a 2,000 kilometre trek across France to protest against French racism.

The origins of the movement are now lost in folklore. Was it the film *Gandhi* which inspired the best known figure, Toumi Djaidia, recovering in hospital from a gunshot wound inflicted by a policeman to argue for non-violent protest? Or the role of a radical worker-priest,

ETHIOPIA

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known for his hunger strikes for Third World causes (and for Lyons prostitutes)? Or other social workers, with discreet help from the government through community development?

The important thing was that in their three months on the road, these young people discovered themselves — and the French discovered them. They might be 'Beurs' (school slang for Arabs), but French Arabs, with as much in common with their French schoolmates as with their immigrant parents. The 'march' appeared to be a triumph. They were invited to meet President Mitterrand. More lastingly, they had created a national network of solidarity through numerous 'support the March' groups.

One year later there was another attempt to capture public attention. But this time there were no political illusions. The memory of the Mitterrand reception was soured by the reality of the Fabius legislation and by Le Pen's electoral successes. The ex-marchers were deeply divided. One group argued for a lobbying strategy on the American-Jewish model. The aim should be to register the votes to which those born in France are entitled. The 1986 legislative elections should be the target for the 'Arab' vote.

The opposed group, with a better nose for what is happening in France, argued that a separatist 'Beur' campaign could only mean the politics of the ghetto. If they had learned anything on the trek, they argued, it was that lots of others like them were hidden, as they put it, in the cellars of French society. The percentage of the French population which is immigrant in origin is exceeded among industrial countries only by the United States and Canada. One third has an immigrant parent, grandparent or great grandparent. Why cut themselves off from their school friends, their housing estates, their neighbours and the pool? 'Our culture is that of the housing estate', said one of their most charismatic figures, the young filmmaker Farida Belghoul. 'We are fighting for equality: the right to love equally, whatever our difficulties'.

They set off on a five week moped trek from the five corners of France under the banner 'Convergence 84 for Equality'. They arrived in Paris in December to be welcomed by one of the youngest and most ethnically diverse crowds ever seen.

The 'SOS racism — Touche pas à mon pote' movement has clearly overcome that barrier. It, too, rejects the heavy hand of political organisations. It, too, does not fit into the traditional anti-racism organisations. There is a saying in France that each generation has to live its own adventure. This one, huffed the *Nouvel Obs*, veteran of 20 years of humanitarian and libertarian battles, was 'into love not politics'.

But 'SOS racism' has accepted that institutions are necessary. The difference is that these are ones they themselves control. 'If we stay stuck in the suburbs we'll get nowhere', says one of the founders, the prophetically, but he swears genuinely, named Harlem Desir, who combines university history courses with community work. They have Stop Racism groups springing up all over France to monitor incidents (70 by last week). They feed the stories out through a press agency. They can call on legal advice. Many of their sponsors are public figures. The spark has been kindled. □

BALKANS

STATE RACISM BULGARIAN- STYLE

Gary Mead reports on the treatment of the Turks

THE HISTORY of the Balkans often appears to be one long bitter massacre, waged along ethnic lines. No Victorian issue of *Punch* seems complete without its stereotyped cartoon of a towering and grotesquely distended Turk wielding a huge scimitar over the heads of cowering Serbs. The region has probably had more blood split in the name of national identity than any in the world.

Once divided only along racial and nationalist lines, Turkey and Bulgaria now face each other across the deepest divide of all, with Turkey one of NATO's front line states, and Bulgaria the Soviet Union's most trusted ally. Inside Bulgaria live perhaps as many as one million Turks, just under 10 per cent of the total population. Throughout Eastern Europe, substantial ethnic minorities exist in a form of limbo, caught in a country that is not their own because of boundary charges — ethnic Albanians in Yugoslavia, Greeks in Albania, Hungarians in Romania, Gypsies everywhere. Citizens of one country, yet identifying with another, they are all being forced to assimilate other national images and cultures.

There is growing evidence that this is certainly true of the large Turkish minority in Bulgaria. As in the Soviet Union, the largest Bulgarian minority is Islamic in faith, and is expanding at a much greater rate than the ethnic group that wields political power — Russians in the USSR, Slovenes in Bulgaria. Privately, both Bulgarian and Soviet communist leaders are alarmed that the Islamic minorities will eventually become majorities, with possibly major political consequences.

THERE IS considerable evidence suggesting that Turks face harassment for using their first language in Bulgaria, and what few measures are made to satisfy their cultural needs are rather scanty — three hours daily on the official radio, a newspaper with a circulation of 20,000 and a periodical of 10,000 copies, both far below their potential sales. Out of 275 Central Committee seats in the Bulgarian communist party, only one is occupied by an ethnic Turk, with four candidate members.

In 1958 the Bulgarian authorities set up a network of Turkish-language schools, supposedly in order to cater for the Turkish minority. But since then the schools have been gradually closed down, and teachers of Turkish have been subjected to harassment in both the official press and by local officials of the security services.

In late 1984 the Turkish press began to raise the issue more vociferously than for some time, largely as a result of pressure from groups of Turks who have fled Bulgaria, most of them

illegally. It is calculated that as many as 70,000 such emigrants have entered Turkey in the last few years, most of them finding life in Turkey little better than in Bulgaria. With 20 per cent unemployment in Turkey, many of them are struggling. The declaration by Turgut Ozal, the Turkish Prime Minister, last week, that they are willing to take Bulgaria's ethnic Turks is being viewed as bluff and empty promises.

The allegations from the emigrants are serious. They say that the Bulgarian authorities are conducting a campaign to force Turks to change their names to Bulgarian-sounding names, and that those who refuse find themselves being forced to live elsewhere, or face prison. Turks who have left Bulgaria have compiled a photo-file of 1,000 cases of oppression, and have brought out of Bulgaria reports of Bulgarian security services' physical attacks on Turks who refuse to alter their names, with a rumoured 500 deaths as a result. This figure has not been independently verified, nor is it likely to be as long as the Bulgarian authorities refuse to permit independent journalists into those regions where the bulk of Turks live.

THE RESPONSE of the Turkish government has been to try to play down the whole issue as much as possible. But so strong has been the pressure from groups in Turkey, that the government has had its hand forced. The Turkish President called on Bulgaria to investigate the allegations of repression, in late January this year. Turgut Ozal followed this up by saying that the Turkish minority in Bulgaria had been 'repressed for years'.

The Bulgarian response was to say that no such repression had happened, and the official Bulgarian tourist agency, Balkantourist, cancelled all Turkish holiday bookings in Bulgaria, saying that this did not entail closing the border. At the same time Bulgaria expelled three Turkish journalists who were allegedly talking to Turks about their situation in Bulgaria.

But if the Bulgarian authorities are keen to play down the problem, the Turkish government is only slightly more interested in the defence of minority Turkish rights in Bulgaria. Turkey is already involved in a major drawn-out wrangle with another Balkan neighbour, Greece. It has major internal domestic problems, and has come under considerable criticism recently for its own appalling record on human rights.

It is most reluctant to initiate another major dispute in the region, particularly with one of the Soviet Union's most important allies. In the near future Turkey will start to receive large quantities of Soviet natural gas, via a pipeline that flows directly across Bulgarian territory, and it already depends on Bulgaria for four per cent of its annual consumption of electricity.

How far Turkey pursues the issue of defending the human rights of Turks in Bulgaria will therefore depend on its willingness to partially suspend its own economic and political interests. As the present Turkish government's interests have so far proved to be focused on military and economic gain, at the expense of even any notional concern about human rights, it looks unlikely that Turks suffering harassment in Bulgaria can expect any real action on their behalf. □

LETTERS

History's missing pages

Dr Raymond Challinor, Whitley Bay, Tyne & Wear

Robert Milliken's report (NS 15 February) mentions the layers of lies and cover-up surrounding the British nuclear tests of the '50s in Australia. May I suggest the concealment process on nuclear matters began before the Tories were returned to power in 1951?

Of course, what is well known is that Attlee decided to make the British atomic bomb without consulting either Parliament or his cabinet colleagues. What is less well known is that he also sought to hide information about the effects of nuclear explosions.

I have in my possession the first civil defence training manual on atomic warfare, published in June 1950. Mysteriously it has pages 40 to 47 missing. A note at the front states these pages may have to be added at a future date. Professor Richie Calder, writing in the *New Statesman* at that time, said it was clear from the context that the missing pages related to the effects of radiation upon human life, in particular the long-run genetic damage.

It would be interesting to know what the missing pages were. They are well outside the 30-year rule. Perhaps it may now be possible to discover their content. Then we may secure a better insight into the hazards of successive British governments' nuclear policies — the kinds of things they keep secret not only from their own civilian population but also, apparently, from hapless Australians.

Labour and the political levy

Charles Plouviez, London NW3

Intellectually, of course, Anna Coote (NS 1 March) is right. The marriage between the unions and the Labour Party has never been without contradictions, and perhaps we could all, with the smug benefits of hindsight, improve on the 85-year-old LRC settlement. The most beguiling of political truisms is, 'If I were you I wouldn't start from here', but since we have to start from here, we have to ask if the threatened divorce will really be good for the children. And if the alarming MORI poll findings published the day after Ms Coote's article are to be believed, she will very quickly see her thesis put to the test. Union activists have so far done too little to rally support for the political levy, and may have left it too late. I wish I could share Ms Coote's optimism about the consequences.

First, unrestrained by the Labour Party, the trade union movement as a whole will become even more 'depoliticised', precisely as Mrs Thatcher would wish, and consequently as in the US a force for preserving capitalism. The 'strong radical strands' which Ms Coote admits are within the movement today will not hold for long, and even the present (admittedly faint) commitment to the unemployed, the community and the home will soon vanish altogether.

In Ms Coote's scenario, all this will be more than compensated for by the galvanised Labour Party. Unfortunately, most business experience suggests that, while you can start a new enterprise on a hope and a prayer, you cannot regenerate an old company by starving it of cash, and I fear the same may be true of political parties. An uncushioned Labour Party is more likely to turn towards populism to pay its wages than to campaign for socialist purity. And insofar as it attempts the latter, it is more likely to split than to preserve the

present unfairly ridiculed 'broad church'.

Quite clearly, the TUC has been running scared since 1983 — scared that, while fighting for its very life against the implacable hostility of Thatcherism, it was tied to the corpse of a dead Labour Party. But another MORI poll on the same day suggests that the funeral arrangements were premature. So, with a big effort now, the TUC might still save the political levy — and save Anna Coote and me from hanging about for another 85 years to see who was right.

Opus Dei

John Horrigan, Opus Dei Information Office, London W2

I'm sure Nicholas Perry had a lot of fun writing his piece on Opus Dei (NS 1 March). He may even have thought he was being original. His report on this personal prelude of the Catholic Church, however, was a curious mixture of the tired and unsubstantiated allegations which well-known critics of Opus Dei have been making since 1980.

The 'name theory' for the Founder of Opus Dei that Perry has borrowed from another source is just not true. The 'Spanish Civil War theory' about Opus Dei's early development is likewise from another source and is equally untrue. It bases itself on dubious scholarship which holds a certain view of Spain in the '30s and '40s, and then makes mincemeat of Opus Dei and its Founder by forcing them into that framework. For instance, Perry claims that Mgr Escrivá 'began writing his now famous aphorisms, *Camino*' late in the Spanish Civil War. How odd, then, that they should have appeared first in 1934 under the title *Consideraciones Espirituales*! Interested readers will find accurate information on these topics and many others in S. Bernal's book, *Profile of the Founder of Opus Dei* (Scepter, London, 1977).

Crushed?

Craig Raine, c/o Faber & Faber Publishers

What a crushing response from Angus Calder (Letters 1 March) to my mild protest.

John Lucas, by his own admission, didn't understand my poem, 'The Grey Boy', though he admired it. Fine. Others understood it better and I named them. I believe that Lucas hasn't properly understood Blake Morrison's long poem, 'The Inquisitor', but here my position is less privileged, because I am not the author. Mr Calder, however, is not in any position at all, since he proudly announces he hasn't even read the poem in question.

For the record

Mike Toumazou, Editor, Straight Left

I would like to point out that, contrary to the impression given in Sarah Benton's article (NS 30 November 1984) Straight Left is not involved in the internal affairs of the Communist Party.

Straight Left's main aim is to take working-class readership wider than the existing body of labour movement activists. Any *New Statesman* readers who want to see for themselves what *Straight Left* is about will be sent a free copy if they write to me at 27a Old Gloucester St., London WC1N 3XX.

Leukaemia rates near Sellafield

M. J. Gardner, MRC Environment Epidemiology Unit, Southampton General Hospital

James Cutler makes two points in his article 'Seascale, checking the figures' (NS 18 January) which I would like to answer.

The first relates to the suggested omission of the death of a 17 year-old girl from leukaemia (actually the diagnosis in question was erythroleukaemia) from our analysis of mortality in Millom Rural District between 1959-67. My source of information for the cause of all deaths was not the original death certificates, but the codes assigned to the underlying cause according to the World Health Organisation International Classification of Diseases (ICD). This allows for the necessary standardisation of the collection of local and national mortality data, so that the observed and expected numbers of leukaemia deaths in any area are directly comparable.

During the above years the Seventh Revision of the ICD was in operation, and the code to which 'erythroleukaemia' was allocated was among diseases of the blood. From current knowledge at that time this was considered internationally as the appropriate classification, and all deaths similarly diagnosed on death certificates throughout England and Wales would have been identically and correctly coded. In subsequent Revisions of the ICD, deaths from erythroleukaemia have been classified with other leukaemias.

Apart from this particular death, there was one other death from leukaemia among under 25-year olds in Millom R.D. during the nine years, compared with 1.6 expected at national death rates. Including the death from erythroleukaemia would give two observed, compared with an expected figure which would need to be revised to take account of all similar diagnoses on a national scale. However, since erythroleukaemia is a rare condition with few such deaths diagnosed annually in this age group in England and Wales, the expected number is likely to remain 1.6 (or possibly become 1.7). With these figures, it would seem difficult to argue strongly that the Millom R.D. leukaemia rate during 1959-67 was any different from the national average. However, during 1968-78, the period of the Eighth Revision of the ICD, six deaths from leukaemia occurred in Millom R.D. among the same age group compared to 1.4 expected.

The second point is connected with the comparison of the leukaemia death rate during 1968-78 in Millom Rural District with other similar sized rural areas of England and Wales. In this analysis, again carried out by computer, Millom was indeed second to Depwade Rural District for leukaemia mortality among persons under 25 years of age. However, it was also second in terms of overall cancer mortality in this age group during these same years, but to a different rural area. So it is not true to say that 'Millom has by far the highest overall cancer rate' — although the rate in Millom was some 20 per cent greater than in Depwade.

Thus there is no truth in the assertion that 'Gardner's study omits and distorts some of the evidence'. The single extra death that Mr Cutler suggests should have been included was left out because, during that period of years, the particular diagnosis was not coded to leukaemia in the ICD. This coding was applied similarly to other areas where the same diagnosis had been made. The effect of this classification on a national scale might be investigated by recording deaths from erythroleukaemia during 1959-67.



Camera Press

POLITICS OLD & NEW

After the year-long miners' strike, a new chapter of labour history has been written. Although millions were involved, BEATRIX CAMPBELL asks whose voices shaped the meaning of the strike

THIS HAS been *the* strike that both the hard Right and the hard Left wanted. The hard Right came to bury class struggle by waging it, the Left came to praise it. Both *needed* it because the miners' strikes of the 'Seventies are part of the iconography of both.

This story begins, of course, with the defeat of Ted Heath in 1974. He is now misremembered as a softy, but then he was Napoleon leading his troops into a long hard winter that eventually forced him to retreat. The hard Right were the radicals who emerged from this cathartic defeat with a mission. They learned from Heath's defeat — and this time they would do it differently, they would win. Their mission was to work out how.

The hard Left interpreted 1974 not as a victory contingent on circumstance, but as

a model triumph. Learning little from the subsequent tribulations of the '70s, and less from the limited triumph of '74, the hard Left simply wanted to do it again. The hard Right moved on to the offensive; they moved with stealth and subtlety, not against the corporate strength of the trade union movement but its weaknesses: the individual political levy, picketing, the ballot. It was an attack on class consciousness itself, appealing to the citizen nestling in the heart of every trade unionist against her or his feeling of class solidarity. And it was done, not in the offensive language we associate with the aims of the hard Right, but persuasive and populist, as democrat spoke to democrat.

Viewed from the Right: Scargill against the State is illegitimate male confrontation

The language of today's Tories was invented for just this strike.

Already in 1978, John Biffen, now Leader of the House, marked out the terrain of trade unionism as one of the most difficult for the Tories to take, but take it they must because 'trade union power remains the largest single obstacle to liberal economic policies.' Prosperity meant modernisation, not of technology as such but of social relations — the dissolution of the autonomous organisation of workers as a class, based on their own secret life, their own solidarities and culture of class-belonging.

It is clear that the Tories can't abolish that class culture — according to British Social Attitudes, published in the middle of the strike, 69 per cent of the British public believe themselves to be working class. But what the Tories have sought to do is challenge the institutions and practices which produce militant class consciousness, which *organise* it. By breaking with Heath's corporatism, they appealed to 'the people', drawing on the

New Statesman RESEARCH DIRECTORY

The first in an occasional series of information features for researchers, writers, teachers and students.

For full details about advertisement rates and the dates of future supplements contact **David Jones** on 01-251 5487

SOURCES

ARTS COUNCIL

Arts Council, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU. Tel 01-629 9495. Research: George Darroch/Peter Verwey. Information: Gillian Dare/Rod Fisher. Librarian: Barbara Costanzo. Research Areas: Attendance figures at subsidised theatre, opera, dance. Economics of the Arts, Cultural Policy, Arts Management, Audience Studies. Research Library specialising in same topics plus overseas cultural policies.

CARTOON STUDY CENTRE

Cartoon Study Centre, University of Kent, Canterbury. (0227) 66822 ext 573. Liz Ottaway. Indexed archive of British 20th century original cartoon drawings. Holdings include: Vicky, Low, Strube, Steadman, Jensen, Dyson. Serious researchers welcome, appointment in advance. Research access reproduction fees.

CHILD POVERTY ACTION GROUP

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DEFENSE RESEARCH SERVICES

Defense Research Services for briefings and research material on NATO and Soviet nuclear, strategic and military issues. Parliamentary and Press advice available. 7 Quarrington Road, Bristol, BS7 9PJ.

FAWCETT LIBRARY

Fawcett Library, City of London Polytechnic, Old Castle Street, London E1 7NT. Tel. 01-283 1030 ext 570. Subject: Women's Studies, Historical and Contemporary. Phone or write for details of opening times, subscriptions, disabled access, etc.

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Hastings Museum, Cambridge Road, Hastings, East Sussex. Telephone 0424-435952. Oriental, Pacific and American Indian Art, Dinosaurs, Fossils, Local Mammals, Birds and Fish, British Watercolours, Ceramics, Sussex Ironwork Archaeology, Durbar Hall (Indian Palace). Publications, School Worksheets.

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SOURCES

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Museum and Library of the Order of St John, St John's Gate, St John's Lane, London, EC1M 4DA. 01-253 6644 x 35. History of the Order of St John in the Holy Land, Mediterranean and England, and St John Ambulance.

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SCIENCE MUSEUM

Science Museum, Exhibition Road, SW7 2DD. 01-589 3456. Museum: Information Office Ext 632. Library Enquiries Ext 527 for scientific and technological publications, pictorial archival and manuscript material with particular reference to the History of Science and Technology. Photographic and photocopying service available from the library.

SCOTTISH UNITED SERVICES MUSEUM

The Scottish United Services Museum in Edinburgh Castle is the main repository in Scotland of military source material. The majority of the material is pictorial. The library is available to researchers by appointment. 031-226 6907. Stephen Wood.

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Tory affiliations of individual trade unionists and the sectional economism of much trade union practice.

The strategist for the Tories was Nicholas Ridley, now Transport Minister, whose plans were leaked to the *Economist* in May 1978. The key would be the nationalised industries, the expected battlefield would be coal, electricity or the docks. If the government had to, he proposed, they should buy off the workers. In fact, as oblivious as the hard Left to the subversive potential of the 'clerks, cleaners and carers', he did not anticipate that the first sustained challenge to the government would come in 1982 with the nine-month health service strike.

In 1981, the miners did galvanise to strike. The government withdrew from this confrontation, knowing they were not ready yet. The plans drawn up by Ridley in 1978 for winning a coal strike involved building up coal stocks, planning for coal imports, encouraging road haulage companies to recruit non-union labour, conversion of coal fired power stations to dual coal/oil firing, cutting off social security for strikers' households and, to ensure there would be no repeat of the successful mass picket of Saltley Gates coal depot in 1972, that the police should provide their own flying pickets instead of engaging in a trench warfare against an NUM ambush.

Ballots were to be the method of separating leaders from members. Both hard Right and hard Left have assumed that ballots would weaken the Left in trade unions and thus unions themselves; both regard disorganised 'public opinion' as innately conservative without firm leadership from the Left. In fact, in the last year, ballots have not proved the strike-stoppers that both sides hoped or feared. And it seems the NUM leadership would have had nothing to lose by holding a ballot either. On 11 March, an ITV Weekend World Mori poll found 62 per cent of miners for a strike. That was immediately after the announcement that Cortonwood would be closed. By 10 July, and ITN Harris poll found that 61 per cent of miners would vote for a strike. When the Tories initially demanded a ballot it was not for the sake of democracy as such (there are more *democratic* ways of deciding an industry's future than autocratic announcements of pit closures) but because they assumed the call for a strike would be defeated.

When the NOP poll published in the *Mail on Sunday* on the eve of the TUC in September revealed that 69 per cent of workers would not strike in solidarity with the miners, it translated these findings into: 'union leaders have never been more out of touch with their members.' What the Left lost by not holding a ballot, by not even wanting to discuss it, was the

argument about democracy.

THIS BRINGS us to the difference between the hard and centre Right. For the centre we have the CBI, who found a comfortable niche in Ted Heath's move towards the 'corporate State'. The CBI came out against ballots in the late '70s. It preferred appointed officials to fix things.

Mrs Thatcher prefers the vociferous, highly ideological if unrepresentative, Institute of Directors, which believes that ballots and election of officials will prove the innate conservatism of workers. Nothing more clearly marks the death of the corporate State, with its necessary language from the lumber-room of Conservative ideology of the 'right to manage'. That was the battle the hard Right wanted to win. They then waged war on the Left.

After the overseers' union NACODS voted by a huge 80 per cent to go on strike in October, the democracy argument was shredded. Then the Right picked up the baton of 'modernisation'. Mrs Thatcher dropped her eulogies to Victorian values and discovered the evil of Luddism. 'Economically the choice is nothing less than that between a modern and mediaeval kind of Britain' editorialised the *Daily Mail* on 18 October. 'The Scargillites are demanding what amounts to the status of feudal lords of the coal industry with the rest of us serfs paying them and their descendants dues which will keep them in comfort for ever.'

Sir Alfred Sherman, an ex-Marxist who is one of Mrs Thatcher's most ideological advisers, also chose the language of the Left to attack the miners. Coal miners, he argued in *The Times* (21 June 1984) were not 'generating surplus value but deficit value, hence they exploit their fellow workers'. They represent 'sheer conservatism, attempting to preserve nineteenth century patterns of employment' and fetishise 'what Marx called "rural idiocy" in an isolated, quasi tribal, one-class society'. But for Sherman, like the rest of the New Right (though they usually only say it in private) trade unions are not the only villains in Britain's backwardness. He sees a symbiotic relationship between trade union bureaucrats and their opposite numbers in management.

The hard Right cannot destroy class as a social reality. But they can try to isolate the popular discontent with bureaucracies and unaccountable public services and set that *against* class consciousness, socialist trade unionism, as the ideology of tomorrow's world. And in this modern world there will be a place for trade unions. Writing in *The Times* last month, Sir John Hoskyns, new Director-General of the Institute of Directors, praised electricians' leaders Chapple and Hammond who 'recognised

years ago that class-based trades unionism was obsolete'. And how is their modernism expressed? By surrender.

If class consciousness must be shown to be obsolete, its expression in the terrifying form of the 'mob' can rear up at any time. The police mobilisations, particularly — in a stunning flouting of the freedom to move — the road blocks against miners going to Nottinghamshire, were represented both as the necessary maintenance of law and order and as a defence of democracy. What seemed to the rest of us as the use of maximum force, a degree of intensive policing we'd not seen in living memory, to government and the hard Right seemed to be minimum force. And that was not enough.

According to *The Times*, 20 July 1984, the failure of the government to treat the strike as a matter of State, a conflict of law and order 'in defiance of (the strike's) criminal and insurrectionary flavour, suggested either a dangerous insouciance unworthy of government committed to law and order, or a tacit admission that since the government had not the power to meet the threat, it would pretend that there was no threat in the first place.' In its reinterpretation of the years of the Corporate State (a sell out to trade unions) *The Times* went on: 'There is a war on. There has always been such a war for the hearts and minds of the British people, at least since 1969...'

In fact, the government chose criminal law not the industrial legislation which would have described the strike as class against class, and activated the alienated millions who do still define themselves as working class. The Tories this time avoided the mistake of making the silent majority the 'enemy within'.

THE LEAD given by the hard Right is not one that the people and parties in the middle have been able to follow. The hard Right has *failed* to establish its political hegemony through the strike, but in the end has won by *force majeure*. The soft Right and Centre have been peculiarly silent.

Significantly, it was the Bishops, urged on by their own northern clergy, who first urged a voice of independent dissent, choosing the grounds of morality and community from which to speak. They were followed by Earl Stockton, with a quavering plea for national reconciliation from his fastness in the House of Lords. David Steel has also chosen the language of reconciliation — endearing, but meaningless. Both Bishops and the Liberal Party deny the category of class. In its place they offer community v State. It's a tradition of radical dissent in which conflict is about ideas not about power. SDP leader Dr David Owen, Tarzan of the centre Right is estranged from this

tradition and so, like Thatcher, saw the strike as a challenge to political power that had to be crushed.

Despite their differences, the silences of the centre speak volumes. If they've said little it's because they've got little to say and because they've left the hard Right to fight their battles for them. They're all obsessed with one man, King Arthur. What few of them, except the godly and the brokenhearted, have comprehended is the energy of the rank and file, which is nothing if not the power of participation. He did not force them to stay out. They forced him.

It is worth noting, here, the peculiarly English tone of this strike. The poetic politics of working class culture has found its most refined expression in Scotland, Wales and Ireland. It isn't just about the oft-invoked concept of community, it is more about a shared political grief. Their industrial rise and fall is synonymous with their national defeat by England. They have known — and survived — suffering and defeat and they know, more than most, what is meant by living to fight another day. Their rhythm has barely been heard during the last year, and only struck the dominant chord in the breathtaking force and feeling of the return to work. Something stiffer, more strident, more English has dominated the political conversation.

Violence isn't, of course, a peculiarly English problem. It is enclosed within an English culture that once ruled the world by brute force, it's there in the celtic twilight of our colonies, it appears on the terraces and playing fields of England. It is a peculiarly masculine characteristic. Which perhaps explains the tendency of the male left to equate 'muscular militancy' and violence with political strength. While not necessarily condoning crass violence, it has shown plenty of sympathy with 'the lads'.

Macho militancy encrusts the myths of the hard Left, which has barely been touched by the cultural revolution within the working class over the past 15 years. They hear in the miners the clarion call of unchanged tradition. For Tony Chater, editor of the hard Left's *Morning Star*, the miners are the vanguard because: 'the issue is not one of number but position occupied in the economic system, the degree of trade union organisation and the extent of traditionally evolved class understanding.' This is an entirely tautological argument, intended not only for the miners, but against the other Communist and socialist critics of fundamentalism (some of whom are to be found in the NUM too), who are only now beginning to assert a 'democratic Left' assessment of the strike.

The extent of 'traditionally evolved class understanding' in the mining communities has been revealed as, at best,

contradictory. Although the industry has a unique reservoir of solidarity in the community itself, mobilisation of the communities did not precede the strike. The lodges didn't share the conversation with the community around them. That political work only began after the strike, most spectacularly in South Wales. It is now clear, if it wasn't before that coal communities may be united by class, but they have been deeply divided by sex.

THIS MINERS' strike has become a community struggle the women *fought* for their right to participate and the existence of the women's movement helped them to fight. The hard Left has resisted the impact of the insurgent movements like feminism, precisely because they provoke questions of the 'traditionally evolved class understanding'. Not surprisingly, the *Morning Star* hijacked Women Against Pit Closures against feminism. 1984 was the year that buried the trendy middle-class women's liberation movement, it said, heaving a sigh of relief, because we now had a *real* women's movement.

Other elements of the hard Left which have more ingeniously incorporated the insurgents, have still, however, displayed the classic Trotskyist traits of triumphalism and scapegoating. *London Labour Briefing* (hard Left) claimed last spring that police tactics against pickets were 'backfiring as the Labour Movement rallies to give its fullest support to the miners'. It didn't. The police continued to use public order legislation to silence the pickets. Scab became not only a dirty word but an illegal one. 'Free speech' was banned.

By the summer, *Briefing* claimed the government was 'splintering... No one is saving the Tories now except Kinnock and the TUC...'. So, the hard Left turned on its own 'enemy within'. It became a self-fulfilling prophecy as Skinner, Benn and *Briefing* called for a general strike. Actually, *Militant* had beaten them to it in the summer when it excelled itself in euphoric exaggeration: 'the national dock strike was the most solid that anybody can remember.' That wasn't what they thought down at Tilbury. It was one of the most precarious most people could remember. During the summer, when the strikers were strong, suntanned and enjoying their strike, the NUM was resisting pressure for mediation, said *Militant*, 'which would mean losing in a meeting what the miners and their families had won on the picketline.'

But what had been won on the picketline? Among the miners themselves the limits imposed on picketting have occasioned some searching inquests. But not on the hard Left. Nor has it wondered *why* traditional industrial action has nowhere matched the breathtaking

solidarity spanning NUPE domestics in Belfast, printers in London, lesbians and gays, black workers and Greenham women... sending money, food, entertainment, love and affection — and pickets. It's a relationship that has brought a cultural revolution in the coalfields.

The failure of traditional industrial action has caused sanguine thinking everywhere on the Left — its effect was shattering. But you have to reach beyond the hard Left to find the answers. 'At an early stage the NUM should have gone to the other unions — but they didn't,' recalls a prominent Left-wing national union official. 'It was arrogance. They thought they were invincible. But these days you can't win with a simple syndicalist approach to industrial action.' A senior public sector negotiator feels that 'you can only win if you fight on a number of different fronts. You can't win without being aware of the need for popular support and modern communications.'

For the hard Left, however, none of this touches their conviction that whatever has happened it's a victory. It's true, for sure, that the experience of struggle itself, is unforgettable. But the strike has already carved out its place in a chronicle of victories, Grunwick and Stockport Messenger. Actually they were defeats. (Who remembers Upper Clyde these days...?) None of this is an argument against *struggle*, it is simply an argument against amnesia and trotspeak.

It was the vocabulary of victory which also metamorphosed another key word: negotiation. In the real life of strikes and settlements there are always negotiations, they are simply part of the process of struggle. In that process, it became increasingly difficult to know what the strike was about. What did the miners want that was intelligible as a negotiating position?

Part of the problem was the failure of the entire Left to set an alternative agenda to that imposed by the Right. Part of the problem, too, lies in history. During the 'Seventies, Tony Benn offered the NUM a veto on pit closures as part of their planning agreement. They turned it down. Management's right to manage was already conceded.

Such was the dread of the tag 'traitor' that the atmosphere surrounding the strike, produced whispered conversation in private between consenting adults. Nobody wanted to do a Jimmy Reid whose wrath did more for the Right than the Left.

In the New Year *Tribune* finally broke the spell when Nigel Williamson criticised ultra-left calls for a general strike, and the way Kinnock catastrophically allowed 'his reservations about the conduct of the dispute to obscure his commitment to the strikers' cause.'

Williamson echoed the views of many



Viewed from the ground: women against the State in peaceful protest at the Welsh Office in Cardiff

women and men of the socialist movement when he told the *New Statesman* 'I wouldn't have felt able to question in April the strategy of sending pickets into Notts.' South Wales already had, at least to itself. And many women had. Also to themselves. But the rest of the Left didn't dare.

A prominent member of the Labour Coordinating Committee also doesn't like the way the failure to call a ballot 'has been used as an excuse for the Labour leadership to abstain. There's a fastidiousness that doesn't square with the realities of extra-parliamentary struggle. Furthermore, the way much of the Left — apart from the women — has supported the strike lacked any serious popularisation of the strike. That's been the main problem. Those responsible are both the Labour leadership and the NUM.'

IT IS universally acknowledged that one of the most remarkable features has been the impact of the women of the coalfield communities, both on their own lives and on the survival of the strike.

What has been surprising — well it's not really — is that just as the movement hasn't learned from its own defeats it hasn't learned from the women's movement's successes. Asked whether he felt that the non-violent direct action techniques of the peace movement and the guerilla blockades of Greenham Common had come to mind during the strike, Williamson confessed, 'No, can't say as I thought of them.'

But women didn't just hurl themselves at the perimeter fence, or spontaneously snip, snip, snip. They planned and they trained. They taught themselves how to handle anger and fear, courtroom

confrontations in which they challenged the very vocabulary of 'breach in the peace' and how to handle violent encounters with mounted police and the military. Why wasn't that experience assimilated? *Masculine intuition!* says a black Labour Party feminist. The same thought prompted a gay man to comment that the strike brought out a straight men's movement not seen around for years and from which he felt massive alienation.

That surrendered responsibility for direct action, too, and yielded ground to the Right. The point of Tory industrial law has been to reduce industrial politics to the moment of negotiation. That prevents workers from being actors on their own stage.

Kinnock took ten months to take himself to a picketline. Why? And why did he never appear in a coalfield kitchen? For all his criticisms, he wasn't taking responsibility for the men in his own movement. That doesn't mean disowning them, it means engaging *with them* to produce a more subtle, strategic and satisfying form of struggle. What he hasn't learned either from Labourism or Marxism or feminism is how to make a movement.

Violence and law-breaking have been elided in the minds of the centre-left, certainly by Kinnock and echoed by Michael Ignatieff in the *New Statesman* last December. But they all confuse chaotic macho violence with illegal direct action. They confuse *legality* with *legitimacy*. Ignatieff argued that 'only the most painstaking observances of the law is likely to win the watching national audience to the view that the State is actually acting against the national interest.' Kinnock, walled up in Parliament and parliamentarism, has also fallen for the fetish of the law.

But would they criticise the women of Greenham Common for breaking the law? No. So what's the difference? It's that peculiarly masculine problem. It wasn't hard to find women in Ollerton who supported the strike and yet felt alienated from what one described as 'men, behaving like men do, angry, brutal, useless. One side's as bad as the other.' Because the men's movement refused to identify that problem, many fell for the law and order agenda.

It was a familiar capitulation to consensus, one that can't imagine how to create a new consensus *in action*. And like the Right, it couldn't communicate what has been so thrilling for many of the protagonists in this strike: that once-in-a-lifetime thing, the power to intervene in society and see yourselves *being* the news. □

Research by John Rentoul

All over now

Barney Hoskyns

The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones

STANLEY BOOTH *Heinemann* £9.95

A FEW YEARS before he joined the Rolling Stones' retinue on their 1969 tour of America and received their blessing to begin this book, Stanley Booth worked for the Welfare Office in Memphis, Tennessee, and listened to the radio. Records by the Beatles and the Supremes left him unmoved because, in the face of the social injustice he was encountering, their 'happiness' seemed inadequate. It was only when the Stones rolled around that he sensed a 'blues truth' strong enough to reflect his frustration.

In the time it has taken for his book to appear, a hundred tomes have chased this same elusive 'truth' that the band came to embody for a pop generation. *The True Adventures* appears now, a late-starter, like a flashback, a touching anachronism. Already excerpted by *Granta*, it is long, rambling and diaristic — what Michael Lydon packed into 60 pages of *Rock Folk*, Booth draws out to 400 — but purports to be the closest encounter yet recorded with the Stones' lives and world.

The band in 1969 were at the pinnacle of their demonic infamy, and the times were edgy, unstable. The legacy of Flower Power was Kent State, Manson, heroin, and Jagger & Richards were writing about evil. 'War, children, it's just a shot away', as 'Gimme Shelter', their eeriest song, had it. In many ways, the tour was to be the symbolic finale of the whole hippie era, with Altamont, the free festival that bloodily climaxed it, a day of rude awakening.

It was the Sixties tour, a rock 'n' roll circus hyped and documented stage-by-stage as it moved along. Booth somehow inveigled his way into the Stones' trust and became part of the show, paying the price with a subsequent decade of drug addiction. ('Events conspired to delay the completion of this book', the dust-jacket pleads rather feebly.) Alternating with the dazed gig-o-logue is a workmanlike recap of their past, drawing on the intact memories of fan club secretary Shirley Arnold and 'sixth' Stone Ian Stewart, the piano player deemed visually unsuitable for appearances on *Ready Steady Go!*

In fact, the book is concerned less with spilling sensationalist beans than with detailing Booth's own invidious position as hanger-on. Rather than probe the Stones' feelings, he lurks on the fringes of the tour's chaos, chipping in the occasional remark and Hoovering up excess cocaine. This is the Gonzo journalist as Hero and, with the spotlight trained constantly on his own rather ordinary person, the Stones remain blurred, vaguely malcontent shapes entering and leaving hotel rooms. 'No one could reach me in my Poe-like drugged creative sweats', he notes, but could he reach them?

(And yes, the writing is nearly all as bad as that. 'The crowd', he observes of one audience, 'broke forward as if the light had released them like the moon releasing locked-up secrets of the mind'.)

Booth, one fears, suffers from a latent Great American Novel complex. *The True Adventures* is really his saga of superstar dropout life, the tale of one heroic mediocrity set against the ultimate rock 'n' roll backcloth. We learn a lot about Stanley and his friends and overhear many phone calls that have nothing whatever to do with the tour. We are even given up-to-the-minute reports on the progress of the book's own publishing deal. (Very Sternean, I'm sure.) However, we learn amazingly little about the Rolling Stones. We don't know why they are

doing this or what their music means to them. They are characters in the book only because they are (in)famous.

Drugs, money, fame: the circus rolls on but the acrobats don't come to life. Both Lydon in *Rock Folk* and ex-stooge Tony Sanchez in the oft-derided *Up And Down With The Rolling Stones* capture the hierarchical paranoia of the band's world better than Booth. Perhaps the basic trouble lies in the very quest for 'blues truth'. Just as the campus guerrillas of 1969 tried to turn the Stones into dionysiac revolutionaries, so Booth in his adventures clings to the faith that his long narcotic stupor was not in vain.

In 1969, Mick Jagger is saying 'we're so old, we can't go on for another eight years.' In 1985, he wants 'Just Another Night'. □

Unsafety

Melissa Benn

Women Against Violence Against Women

ed. DUSTY RHODES and SANDRA MCNEILL
Onlywomen Press £4.95

Intimate Intrusions: Women's Experience of Male Violence

ELIZABETH A. STANKO *Routledge* £5.95

Ask Any Woman: A London Inquiry into Rape and Sexual Assault

RUTH E. HALL *Falling Wall Press* £5.50

THERE IS a common backdrop to these books, ever present. The early 1980s: it was the time of the Yorkshire Ripper, the imprisonment of Charlene and Annette Maw for the manslaughter of their violent father but a suspended sentence for the man who pleaded guilty to killing his 'nagging' wife, the murder of Mary Bristow and her subsequent character assassination at the trial of the man who murdered her — she was a feminist with an IQ too high for her own good, remember? It was also the time of Reclaim the Night marches, 'angry women' attacks on porn and sex shops and the more respectably mainstream — films like *Dressed to Kill* and *The Shining*.

Women Against Violence Against Women takes its title from the federation of local groups (WAVAW) that was central to those actions. WAVAW groups were at their height in the early 1980s and women felt passionate about what they were doing because it represented a kind of politics that could be lived. Like being in the peace movement now, it was a politics directly about life and death things, women's safety. And that is one of the reasons why that kind of radical feminism has in recent years galvanised women and stolen the initiative from its worthier counterpart, socialist feminism.

The book is a collection of papers from three conferences on violence against women — Sexual Violence Against Women (Leeds 1980), Women Against Violence Against Women (London 1981) and Male Power and the Sexual Abuse of Girls (Manchester 1982). Although highly polemical these papers are frustrating to



Richard Wilson

read. You sense the real debate was being had out elsewhere (it was) and what you are reading is no more than a marker of positions, or opening moves. But what they do show is just how much radical and revolutionary feminism 'opened up' the issues of violence against women, in some ways just by chronicling it. And in their analysis they showed that sexual violence is not just about individual men hurting individual women but is part of a continuum predicated on how men *as a sex* see women *as a sex*. The assumptions underlying violence against women permeate every institution: the criminal justice system, the medical, psychiatric and sex therapy professions, the family and heterosexuality itself.

Important as these arguments are, the WAVAW position did not go unchallenged in the women's movement. And it is only in the 1981 collection of papers that you get any sense of contrary arguments, echoed and therefore addressed. Some women thought that WAVAW's hard-line on pornography was in danger of echoing a right-wing puritanism about sex itself; particularly in America, feminists have argued for a specifically feminist theory, and practice, of sexual pleasure; in favour of a feminist erotica or sado-masochism, even. Other criticisms of WAVAW were that it concentrated too much on porn to the neglect of other, more insidious sexist representations of women and that it was racist in some of its practice. Reclaim the Night marches were often through predominantly black areas, thereby easily, if not deliberately, fuelling both a moral panic and a smugness about 'black crime'.

Intimate Intrusions looks at women's experience of violence here and in the States. Its tone is very much that of the cool, academic radical feminist. Much can't be faulted: the delineation of the all-pervasiveness of male violence and the threat of it; the way women blame themselves for crimes committed against them. Elizabeth Stanko has some neat formulations, as in her claim that women suffer a 'first' and then a 'second' assault — the latter their treatment by the police, the law, arbiters at work and so on. The author herself endured a four-year sexual harassment case in the States. Her harasser was a respected radical man. Yet somehow none of the messiness, none of the real-life contradictions (which her own experience must have raised) seeps into her writing. It's too neat.

Ask Any Woman contains the results of, to my knowledge, the first extensive survey of women and sexual violence. Undertaken by Women Against Rape, in London only, it tried to find out what women really experienced and really feared. 2,000 questionnaires were distributed in the street, at surgeries, clinics and bus stops, at fairs and in colleges. 1,236 were returned. A relatively small sample perhaps — and every bit of information is squeezed for its last drop of cross-referencing potential — but it bears out what feminists have been saying, and known, for years. And that makes it important.

Firstly, it is obvious now that a far higher number of women are assaulted in some form or another than is ever officially acknowledged. Two out of five women questioned in the survey said they been assaulted in some way. Secondly, the survey shows that there is no safe

place for women, be it on the street, on public transport or any public place. And home is the least safe place to be. And, thirdly, most women *do* feel themselves responsible in some way for sexual assaults and violence committed against them — they shouldn't be living alone or with other women, shouldn't look or speak 'different', shouldn't have gone to this place or that. All the women felt they had deviated from some notion of 'safe' femininity. But, as *Ask Any Woman* points out, it's not about what kind of woman you are, it is the very condition of being female that is unsafe. □

Looking back

Alun Howkins

Worlds of Labour: Further Studies in the History of Labour

ERIC HOBSBAWM *Weidenfeld* £7.95

IN 1964 ERIC HOBSBAWM published his collection of essays, *Labouring Men*. Along with Edward Thompson's *The Making of the English Working Class*, it shaped a generation of young historians radicalised by the student politics of the 1960s. The essays in that volume did two things. Firstly, they opened up new areas to study, like the labour aristocracy, the tramping artisan, the unions of the unskilled and the history of socialist ideas. Secondly, some of the

essays took a Marxist critique to the heart of the 'bourgeois academy', challenging the enemy on home ground.

I therefore waited hopefully for this new volume and am saddened to find myself puzzled and disappointed by it. Firstly, much of the material is in a sense familiar. This is not because it has already been published elsewhere; rather because much of the material in the collection builds upon earlier work without really adding to it or altering it a great deal. For instance, four of the 17 articles are directly on subjects covered in *Labouring Men*, three of them on the labour aristocracy.

This in itself is not necessarily a bad thing, but I do feel that some of the concerns do not justify treatment at this length. At risk of committing sacrilege, I have to say I am not convinced that the labour aristocracy, in the form it is argued for here, is that important. It is no longer a new concept and, as Professor Hobsbawm himself suggests, much recent detailed work has so altered the idea it might be better to find others.

Secondly, and more importantly, I think there is at the centre of the book a sense of profound academic and even intellectual conservatism. This is a hard charge to make against one of the greatest Marxist historians of our time and probably even harder to defend. The key lies in the essay 'Labour History and Ideology' first published over ten years ago and reprinted here unrevised, as far as I can tell. This in itself is worrying since it is an 'overview' article which essentially surveys



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what is, by the author's own admission, a rapidly changing subject.

In this essay Hobsbawm looks at, among other things, the relationship between labour history and other disciplines. He rightly points out that 'fashion' dictates a good deal of so-called originality in academic work and warns against the too easy movement of concepts from one discipline to another. Yet it is precisely in this movement that the great advances in recent historiography have been made. There have been failures, of that there is no doubt, but there have been triumphs. Work derived from anthropology and from linguistics is currently transforming our view of the early modern world, not only in terms of how we analyse materials but in terms of the very subjects that we study. The monumental studies of Keith Thomas or Ladurie show just how successful such borrowings can be.

In fairness Hobsbawm recognises this (curiously his own practice is much more open than his theory here). Yet in the end he returns to the statement that 'in all cases, the test of new concepts and ideas is not simply that they are new, or seem interesting, but that they are relevant to our own basic questions'. Thus, it seems to me, if our questions are determined in a particular way we are damned to follow ever narrower concerns. This is potentially a conservative road even when the 'basic questions' have an external progressive validity. One cannot help but feel that if this kind of position had been dominant in recent years, very important work in areas like the history of sexuality and feminist history would never have taken place.

We can see this problem in relation to two essays in this volume, 'Man and Woman: Images on the Left' and 'The Transformation of Labour Rituals'. At the core of both these essays is the notion that there is an unproblematic relationship between the 'base' (changes in the social relations of production) and the 'superstructure' (a culture). Thus the male proletariat replaces the female 'Liberty' as

Lucy Anne Watt

Swimming

In the paddling-pool
Rosie held me
by the woollen
T-strap
and I think I swam.

It was only
two or three strokes.

We stood up,
Rosie in red,
me in green,
reeking
with the salt chlorine smell.

I held it in my mouth,
saw it drying
white and crystalline
on my perfect skin.

The sea, the sea

The last stretch,
packed Morris straining
at the rise.

Look, the

Rosie's finger or mine,
as if we could miss
that sudden lift
and backing off of all but sky.
It wasn't quite, but near enough
and someway near the top it was
and was again —
mapped, blue,
the holiday house,
straight run across the road.

It beat its own name then,
we said no more than
paddle, swim or beach
— at night talked in whispers
as if we knew
the sense gets worn away.

the symbol of the Left as women leave the labour force and new Labour rituals are created because of changes in the socio-economic position of the European working class.

While I would not wish to deny the importance of this kind of determination, it seems to me that all kinds of recent work in the field of cultural studies cast grave doubts on this one-to-one relationship. One does not need to take on board the whole of Freud or Saussure, Williams or Hall to recognise the profound importance of their work in these areas. Indeed the essay 'Man and Woman: Images of the Left' has already been the subject of vigorous criticism not only on grounds of empirical problems related to the continuation of women as a symbol, and doubt about women 'vanishing' from the workforce, but also in terms of the concepts of sexuality and gender explicit in the essay.

Similarly the essay on Labour rituals, while it raises interesting and important points, exists within a void as far as the nature of ritual itself is concerned. There is no reference to discussions over many years within anthropology on the nature of ritual and especially its all-pervasive nature in human life. Forms like processing, making noise, inverting authority, presenting a public face or *rite de passage* are elements present in rituals of the poor from at least the late middle ages and still there in the 20th century. This is not to argue that the CP May Days of the 1920s were the same as the processions led by flags, drums, music and symbolic swords which characterised the English risings of 1549 and 1607, but that forms and structures themselves bear examination apart from their precise social and economic location.

If Labour History, as a subject, is to progress we desperately need new concepts, new ideas and new methods. For that reason *Worlds of*

Labour saddened me. *Labouring Men* was one of my formative texts; it shaped me, as it did many of my generation. I fear *Worlds of Labour* will not do the same. □

FICTION

Map-making

Gillian Wilce

HARD TO SEE quite where the blurb-promised comic scenes are in Frances Hill's **Out of Bounds** (John Murray, £8.95), a sad little tale of a suburban Forties childhood tyrannised over by a harsh, jealous grandmother. Equally narrow and miserable are the lives lived in Jane Rawlinson's **Cradle Song** (Deutsch, £7.95), set in a thoroughly colonial Kenya, where Memsahib Ursula's inability to love her daughter and compensatory attachment to her young black Ayah's son lead unswervingly towards the harm of everyone around, including both babies.

Both these first novels are neatly shaped, in plain, serviceable language (even if Frances Hill does rather overdo the dropped 'h' as a major class indicator in dialogue). Yet, compared with the other novels under consideration, both feel cabined and confined. They are indeed physically smaller, deliberately more limited in scope. But, too, in spite of the recurrent Nativity imagery in *Cradle Song* and the hope arising at the end of *Out of Bounds* from the sudden revival of memory of a dead grandfather's kindness, it's hard to feel it all matters. The books' characters are propelled by currents beyond their choice or understanding but yet suggest none of the emblematic



significance of tragedy.

It may be unfair to characterise these novels solely thus, leaving out such merits as Jane Rawlinson's conjuring of the weather in Kenya. But the other novels in hand are noticeably, in their varied and flawed ways, striving to do broader, more interesting things. Rebecca Goldstein's entertaining first novel, for instance, is actually about what the title claims — **The Mind-Body Problem** (Deutsch, £7.95). Narrator Renee Feuer is a graduate philosophy student at Princeton who reflects in a big way on her own experiences (Jewish family context, elitist university setting, marriage to mathematical genius Noam Himmel, her own subsequent behaviour) and does it with wit, mockery, including self-mockery — and seriousness. It is a rare novel that can explain the romance of pure mathematics and that has its narrator salvaging from the hurt of her relationships an intellectual shift in the way she perceives and maps the world, and that without any tinge of sentimentality.

Lisa Alther's **Other Women** (Viking, £8.95) also deals with the possibilities of sought change, specifically within the relationship between Caroline Kelly — nurse, separated mother, radical activist, lesbian (mostly), so oppressed by the world's pain that she hoards aspirins to ensure her way out — and Hannah Burke, psychotherapist, 'a gray-haired housewife in a polyester pants suit' which quite belies her own dramatic past. The novel is good about how the relationship works, on what Hannah, as well as Caroline, brings to it, feels within it; it also sets Caroline firmly in a wider world, a world of painful politics, of multifaceted intimate and social relationships, an often beautiful physical world. It reads fluently, offers its characters the grace of learning from the emotional flux. So why is there a largish 'but' working its way into this paragraph?

Perhaps because it is *too* easy a read for what it is about. Perhaps because you know from the start that Caroline never will take those pills. Perhaps because Hannah's troubles are too evenly balanced against Caroline's. Perhaps because there is one small, soft cop-out at the end. And perhaps because the novel's length must preclude the long, slow sweat of the experience.

Richard Thornley, by contrast, in his first novel **Attempts to Join Society** (Cape, £8.95), more than successfully transmits the feel of long, slow stretches of time. The first of his five sections alone — wherein adolescent English Martin on a Balearic family holiday meets/dislikes/likes/years for brash American actor Billy, all chest-hair and personal philosophy — contains enough material for a whole novel in less adventurous hands.

There are times when you become almost weary of being inside the heads of Martin, Billy and Billy's old friend Diane, sharing their flickering, overlapping perceptions and glancing thoughts, as they rub up against each other (only very occasionally literally) or go off on tangential travels, sometimes down the road, sometimes across the Atlantic. It is only towards the end that you realise quite what a solid world has been cunningly built from the bits of society they try to join, or leave: a whole intermittently glimpsed but entirely real

Vietnam-era America (with England a small, cold island in the background).

The odd-novel-out here is Harry Mathews's word-game **The Sinking of the Odradek Stadium** (Carcanet, £8.95) with its puns and allusions and toyings with the reader. In a maybe-just-future Miami, Zachary McCaltex, podgy librarian and obsessive treasure-hunter, suffers perplexing overtures from members of secret societies, which he recounts in letters to his wife Twang Panattapam. She meantime is in maybe-just-past Italy tracking down the 14th- and 15th-century records of the treasure's putative progress from Rome to Florida. Twang is a Buddhist from former Italian S.E. Asian colony Pan-Nam; English is her third and newest language so her letters are in a composite, dyslexic language all her own. She tells Zachary Zen stories, gives lessons in Pan, confuses him on purpose, proves much the more sophisticated for all her apparent innocence. As her language becomes more and more English, so Zachary's deteriorates in a welter of suspicion and slang.

The index suggests that the novel, like Zachary's maps and Twang's manuscripts, is to be pored over in hopes of discovering codes and meanings. In all honesty, this reader felt at times like Twang on her attempt to read Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*: 'I fear my intellectual standard must be under below, I can't understand some thing when I read the plain words over and over.' Except that the words aren't plain. All the same, one is intrigued in spite of oneself and the general effect is of an elusive (illusory?) charm. □

Science in court

Steven Rose

The Limits of Science

PETER MEDAWAR *Oxford* £7.50

Foresight in Science: Picking the Winners

JOHN IRVINE and BEN R. MARTIN

Frances Pinter £12.50

Aborted Discovery: Science and Creativity in the Third World

SUSANTHA GOONATILAKE *Zed Press* £14.95 & £5.95

From Knowledge to Wisdom: A Revolution in the Aims and Methods of Science

NICHOLAS MAXWELL *Blackwell* £19.50

PETER MEDAWAR is of a breed increasingly rare in Britain: a scientist who writes with distinction and an assured confidence in his own and his occupation's mission. At a time when critical, anti-science or technocratic voices abound, and when most of British science is suffering — 20 years after the rest of the nation — from a sharp case of end-of-empire blues, Medawar continues to radiate a confidence in rationality coupled with a nonsense didactic pragmatism that verges on the heroic. A short book ('I have long thought that nearly all books on nearly all subjects . . . are far too long'), it consists of three chapters

concerned to delimit the frontiers of science (inside culture, but outside politics), to police them against charlatans (like proponents of the genetic basis of differences in IQ between races) and to define, yet again the favoured methodology of 'normal science' as laid down by Karl Popper.

Medawar disclaims the possibility that science is about 'ultimate questions' of the meaning of life. Yet, within its boundaries, science's search for theories within which to encompass facts is — or can be — limitless. There is always further to go, and science is a good way of getting there.

This is not a vision shared by the barbarians beyond the frontier. The rational enterprise that constitutes the empire of science is under attack. Pinchpenny governments starve it of funds or demand relevance; fact-finding economists question its claims to be a bringer of great benefit, historians its triumphalist accounts of its own past and sociologists its perceptions of its own objectivity. These assaults are well exemplified by the other books under review, beginning with a mild raspberry and ending with a root-and-branch rejection of all that Sir Peter stands for.

John Irvine and Ben Martin are policy analysts commissioned by the Advisory Council for Applied Research and Development to take the temperature of British science and technology. Already in trouble with the scientific Establishment for having questioned the productivity of investment in CERN — the giant Geneva-based particle accelerator — their report has arrived at just the

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time when the Establishment is bracing itself for painful financial decisions, such as pulling out of CERN, thus depriving British high energy physicists of a playpen for their particles. **Foresight in Science** is an attempt to assess how far those who fund science — primarily the government — can plan ahead to 'pick scientific winners'. Medawar gives such a possibility short shrift. Scientific discovery, he concludes, cannot be premeditated. But that hasn't stopped planners trying, and Irvine and Martin compare the British experience unfavourably with that of France, Germany, the US and, notably, Japan. The iterative and participative planning methods adopted in Japan lead to concentration of skills and funding into chosen areas (for instance the famous fifth generation computer project) and show, they claim, a high degree of technological pay-off. Britain's performance is by contrast weak and unconvincing. Is this *because* British scientists believe that forecasting is unhelpful?

Irvine and Martin's study is based on three key postulates which need exploring if we are to move beyond their horse-racing imagery. First, is it appropriate to compare 'national' scientific efforts as if the very concept of Great Britain Limited was unproblematic? The concept of nationhood makes sense neither on the Right, where transnational capitalist rationality ignores such boundaries, nor on the Left for those of us who do not feel that the key to the sort of society we want to create is provided through ensuring a more competitive British capital or a position high in the league table of Nobel Prizes per head of the population. Second, is 'success' to be measured merely by bank balance or rate of profit irrespective of other social goals? Third, may there not be quite a different explanation of Japanese 'success'? While Britain spends about half its research and development budget on military goals, Japan spends less than five per cent, freeing its scientific and technological creativity for other more economically profitable tasks. If this great difference in funding were without effect on outcomes, the prospect for successful forecasting would surely be dim indeed — yet Irvine and Martin do not look under this particular stone.

Susantha Goonatilake adds a further dimension to the discussion, that of the Third World. Why did modern science develop in north western Europe in the 17th century, and not in India or China, say? The usual answers point to the relationship between the birth of science and that of capitalism, by which Europe leapt qualitatively forward, so that today the Third World is technologically backward and in need of — depending on your political orientation — high or low tech transfer of know-how. Goonatilake sets out to redress the balance. Concentrating on India, he shows the high level of theory, science and technology reached prior to British colonisation. Far from bringing technological gifts, Europe systematically dedeveloped its colonies, destroying indigenous culture and industry. Even the Marxist critics of Western science — from Marx himself through to Bernal — shared this Eurocentrism, as Goonatilake shows quite clearly. He himself might have struggled to counter these racist assumptions by drawing more widely than just on the Indian example;

though Needham's massive analysis of science and civilisation in China receives obligatory obeisance, you will seek in vain through Goonatilake's bibliography for a reference to Walter Rodney's pioneering text on *How Europe Underdeveloped Africa*. Goonatilake's approach is partly one of a recitation of the Great Men of Indian science. More interestingly, in his final chapter he points to similarities between the ways of thought of the new physics and certain key strands of Hindu and Buddhist philosophy. An international science drawing on all past knowledge systems, not merely the Graeco-Roman basis of European science, is his pathway to the future.

None of this is enough for Nicholas Maxwell, a philosopher. For him *no* past critique of science has gone far enough. Orthodox science is about knowledge, instrumental and directed towards technological solutions. Marxist and neo-Marxist critics have merely found fault with the *capitalist* rationality of science. Instead, what is needed is to move from a philosophy of knowledge to a philosophy of wisdom. We need to

strengthen and deepen this . . . openness to the experimental dimension of reality . . . all rational inquiry . . . should have as its basic task to help us improve our aims and methods . . . so that we realize what is of most value to us in life.

The trouble with this neo-Benthamite approach is that it is stronger on morality than it is on politics. Suppose that what is of most value to me is the creation of a neutron bomb or a more lethal nerve gas, by what rule does the philosophy of wisdom say nay? Maxwell's exhortations are thus scarcely likely to raise even an alarm bell on the frontiers of Medawarian science.

Irvine and Martin, Goonatilake and Maxwell mount a series of increasingly comprehensive assaults on the empire of science. They all (together with this reviewer) share a further factor in common, which, unreflected on in any of these texts, is their central weakness. Not only are all the authors male, but not one of them sees fit to discuss the major charges which feminism has laid against science, that it is not merely capitalist and imperialist but patriarchal as well. Yet the critique of science's reductionism, its dominating approach to nature, its divorce of subjectivity from objectivity, has been central to the feminist project. How is it that Goonatilake, so sensitive to European domination of science, does not notice this, or that Maxwell's 400-odd reference list of scholars draws almost not at all on the new feminist writing? At least Medawar, tersely dismissing the view that there is any reason why women cannot do science, is aware that there is a problem here. □

Among this week's contributors:

STEVEN ROSE is the author, with Leon J. Kamin and R. C. Lewontin, of *Not in our Genes* (Penguin) published last September.

ALUN HOWKINS's *Poor Labouring Men: Rural Radicalism in Norfolk 1870-1923* was published last month by Routledge.

BARNEY BARDSEY is reviews editor at *Tribune* and currently working on a study of women and crime.

THEATRE

Sweetmeat

Benedict Nightingale

The Road to Mecca

ATHOL FUGARD *Lyttelton*

Scrap

BILL MORRISON *Half Moon*

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial

HERMAN WOUK *Queens*

IN HIS *NOTEBOOKS* Athol Fugard describes walking along a sandy ridge somewhere in the South African outback, treading over scrub and around deformed grey bushes and concluding that his life's work was to witness that landscape and its human counterparts. That's what he's done too, again and again drawing on his direct and personal experience of that 'one little corner of the world'. A liberal Afrikaner is unjustly suspected by his black friends of being a police informer; his wife goes mad after her private diaries are read by Special Branch; and there's *A Lesson from Aloes*. Political prisoners tell Fugard how they were forced to uproot a tree with their hands, or ordered to 'empty the sea' with buckets; and there's *The Island*.

The Road to Mecca has its roots in that sand and scrub too. Miss Helen, as the protagonist is called, really existed. She was the village eccentric in remote New Bethesda, where Fugard still lives, an elderly recluse who filled her garden with owls, giant heads and other whimsical statuary of her own invention. Eventually she became, in Fugard's own words, 'very paranoid, very depressed', and one night she killed herself in a remarkably painful way, by burning out her stomach with caustic soda.

But something untoward has happened between that life and this play. One doesn't think of Fugard as a sentimental writer, yet there's a wishfulness and even a blandness in *Mecca* which, were you not hastily to remind yourself of the many gritty plays to his credit, might tempt you so to categorise him. That paranoia, that suicide are ignored. Instead, we've the tale of a docile old widow and her young friend, a teacher who treks up from Capetown to attest to her 'beautiful, light-filled, glittering' life, to stop her being packed off to a 'Sunshine Home for the Aged' by the pious busybodies on the local Church Council and, finally, to emphasise the potency of love and trust.

The worst danger Miss Helen now faces is what she defines as encroaching 'darkness'. But in spite of Yvonne Bryceland's sensitive and passionate performance, that darkness never feels like the grim and ominous presence it's meant to be. In any case, the very thought of it is dispelled by the rapturously upbeat ending.

Several times, it seemed to me that the characters and their feelings were the product less of human observation, more of their author's desire to write an emotionally and morally rousing play; but I should add that

many of those sitting around me, indeed standing and applauding beside me, took a different view. Rarely can Fugard have had a warmer first-night reception than at the National. People evidently found more truth and resonance than I in his defiant defence of a 'free spirit', seeing an ecstatic visionary where I could spot only a sweet and shy old lady, an imaginative assault on Afrikaaner conformism where I found only an amateur sculptor frustratingly loth actually to show us her work. They were moved by Miss Helen, and they presumably found her friend's frustrations and pains, her love affair with a married man, her abortion, her anguished encounter with an archetype of suffering Africa named 'Patience', more plausible than even the excellent Charlotte Cornwell could make them for me.

Yet there was one character on whose truth and interest we could all agree, and an unexpected one, since the play's scheme had cast him in or near the role of the villain. That's the pastor who comes to save Miss Helen from a hobby he finds faintly diabolical and closet her away in a clean Christian institution. As Fugard writes and Bob Peck doughtily plays him, he's narrow and domineering and, it seems, more concerned for his conscience than his parishioner's welfare; he's also thoughtful and caring and, it seems, at least as concerned for her welfare as his conscience. This is the upright, conservative Afrikaaner seen in the only way that's useful, in the round, from his own point of view as much as from that of the liberal outsider.

For a moment and rather a long moment, Fugard is at his unsentimental, understanding best; and then, alas, the moment passes. The pastor, her friend decides, is really in love with Miss Helen, a revelation I found neither credible nor touching nor anything very much else.

Somehow it seemed to diminish, even cheapen an impressive character. That fascinating demonstration of the large-mindedness of the small-minded turns out, after all, to be scarcely more than the expression of one man's romantic itch, the yearning of a lonely Mills and Boon hero for a forlorn Mills and Boon heroine. I wish I could say that this false note was an isolated one, but I can't. It seems to me all too characteristic of as exasperatingly uneven, as unreal and real a play as Fugard has ever yet penned.

Bill Morrison's latest contribution to the Ulster files, **Scrap**, is cluttered at first, gets better as it goes and reaches a nice comic climax in a scene in which a grim Prot, an intransigent Provo and a dedicated wily Englishman get their exemplary comeuppance.

While **The Caine Mutiny**, gripping enough for its first seven-eighths, decides to get worse as it goes on. Suddenly it's argued that to relieve an incompetent madman from command is disloyal to the flag and somehow the fault of those effete snobs, the arty mob. Still, Charlton Heston is more subtly and sympathetically mad and incompetent onstage than Bogie was onscreen; so maybe the illogic is forgivable. □

John Coleman is unwell.

New Statesman 8 March 1985



Vanessa Redgrave smouldering in David Hare's 'remarkable' *Wetherby*

FILMS

In a dream of passion

Francis Wheen

Wetherby (15)

Curzon, Shaftesbury Avenue

2010 (PG)

Empire, Leicester Square

Ladies on the Rocks (18)

Screen on the Green

Anou Banou or The Daughters of Utopia (U)

Everyman, Hampstead

WETHERBY, written and directed by David Hare, deservedly won the Golden Bear award at the Berlin Film Festival last week. It is a remarkable movie, but I'm slightly hamstrung in my ability to discuss it. For one thing, I can't give away much of the plot without spoiling it for future audiences. For another, the film evades classification. Sometimes it seems to be developing as a conventional thriller — albeit a high-grade one. Yet by the end it seems more of a mystery. There is certainly no last-reel explanation, no tying up of loose ends. Instead, we are left with the frustration experienced after an interrupted dream.

There is a particularly dream-like quality to the events which set the mystery in motion. A young postgraduate, John Morgan (played with lurking menace by Tim McInnerny), bluffs his way into a dinner party given by Yorkshire schoolteacher Jean Travers (Vanessa Redgrave). She assumes that he has come as a guest of her friends Marcia and Stanley Pilborough (Judi Dench and Ian Holm playing as brilliantly as one would expect). The next day, he returns to Jean's cottage to admit that he was a gatecrasher; he then commits what had

better be described as an inexplicable act of violence. (You see what I mean about the difficulty of not giving away the plot.)

The investigation into this bizarre occurrence takes several forms. There is a police inquiry led by Inspector Mike Langdon (Stuart Wilson) who is, incidentally, aided by a policewoman who is the spitting image of Martin Amis. As the film progresses, Langdon's interest in the case becomes personal rather than official. A fellow-student of John Morgan's turns up to give some clues. And then there is the cinematic investigation into Jean Travers's own past: the film continually cuts back both to the dinner party itself and to a period 30 years earlier, when young Jean was engaged to an airman who went off to fight in Malaya.

Hare has achieved quite a coup by casting Vanessa Redgrave's daughter, Joely Richardson, to play the young Jean. Ms Richardson's performance is at least equal to her mother's and between them the two actresses give us some insight into the emotions buried beneath Jean's *sangfroid*. And not only Jean's: David Hare seems to be attempting nothing less than an examination of that mysterious thing known as the English character, an explosive combination of repressed passion and sudden violence.

Perhaps *Wetherby* is too ambitious; perhaps, in his desire to cram in so much psychology, Hare has over-egged the pudding. However, given the generally brainless nature of most films today, this is at least an error in the right direction, and a courageous one.

If you want to know what an *under-egged* pudding tastes like, go straight to **2010**. This is

ART

the sequel to *2001: A Space Odyssey*, but there are hefty differences between the two films. Stanley Kubrick is not the director of *2010*, for starters; that task has fallen to Peter Hyams, who simply isn't in the same league. Moreover, *2001* was made a long time ago (1968, in fact), when all those special effects seemed eye-stretchingly new. But after dozens of *Star Wars*-style inter-galactic adventures, what was once mind-bending is now commonplace.

Take away the special effects and what are you left with? A few bits of unfinished business from *2001* (you'll be pleased to know that the famous computer, HAL 9000, is still alive and talking) plus an embarrassing 'message'. The spaceship that goes off to Jupiter to learn what happened to Discovery is, you see, staffed by Russians and Americans. Back on earth, the Soviet Union and the United States declare war on each other. But after East and West have cooperated in space, the Presidents of the two countries are apparently so impressed that they are shamed into good behaviour. I suppose, as Reagan starts his second term, that we should be grateful for anything that doesn't support the Cold War. Even so...

Ladies on the Rocks is a Danish film and, when it was shown in Denmark (according to the distributors), 'it divided the feminist audience strictly into two camps — those who adored it and those who hated it'. I find it hard to understand why such a mild movie should have provoked such intense reactions. It concerns two women who go on the road with their cabaret act. Each has a male lover who treats her badly; the lovers are duly ditched. The moral of the story — that men tend to let you down — seems unexceptionable enough. Most of the film is rather pedestrian, though it does come to life when we are shown snatches of the women's stage act — particularly two hilarious sketches about women's bodies and love-making.

A much more stimulating feminist film is **Anou Banou**, a documentary composed largely of interviews with six Jewish women who went to Palestine in the 1920s to build what is now the state of Israel. As socialists and feminists they supported the creation of women's collectives and kibbutzim; however, the founding of a kibbutz often meant evicting Arabs from the land. The women, all of whom still live in Israel, talk interestingly — if guardedly — about the contradictions between socialism, feminism and Zionism. A thought-provoking mixture of dreams and quiet disillusionment, the film is all the stronger for its lack of polemical intent. □

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Cornish cream

John Spurling

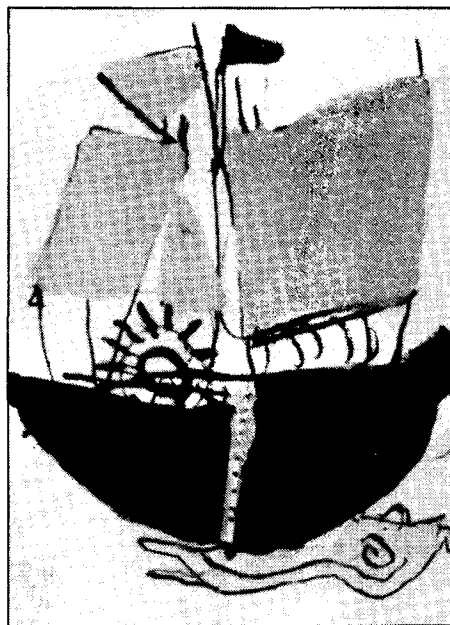
St Ives 1939-64

Tate

Five St Ives Artists

New Art Centre, 41 Sloane Street, London SW1

THE BRITISH have never been good at thoroughgoing art movements, but they have from time to time achieved groups whose coherence was more a matter of friendly contact and shared practice than theory. Perhaps it is not so much that we have lacked artists with the right art-historical approach as that we have lacked the publicists to attribute it to them. Turner, Constable, Cotman and the other landscapists of the Romantic period might have carried off the first gold medal for Impressionism if anyone had thought to award



Sailing Ship (1974) by Roger Hilton

it; and Patrick Heron has always maintained, with some justice, that he and his fellow painters based in South Cornwall were at least level with, if not a whisker ahead of the Americans in the Abstract Expressionist stakes.

The Penwith peninsula first became an artistic centre at the end of the last century when various British Post-Impressionists sought it out as an alternative to Gauguin's Brittany. Some of their successors were still there practising a rather etiolated brand of impressionist naturalism when, in the 1920s and '30s, a new generation of young British artists aware of Cubism, Constructivism, Abstraction and other international innovations descended on St Ives. They cared nothing for the survivors of the last art movement but ten and the survivors mainly cared nothing for them, but the newcomers did discover their own authentic local version of Le Douanier Rousseau. Just as Rousseau had been a kind of

emblem of the primitive and 'natural' to Picasso and his circle, so Ben and Winifred Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth, Christopher Wood, Naum Gabo, Adrian Stokes and their friends took up Alfred Wallis, the ex-fisherman who had started, at the age of 70, to paint coastal scenes on odd bits of cardboard.

The first room in the Tate's exhibition contains a few examples of the work of the more sympathetic old-timers such as Borlase Smart, a whole wall of paintings by Wallis and another wall and a half of the first Cornish landscapes/seascapes of the new dispensation by Nicholson and Wood. Even at this stage, with hardly a whisper of abstraction, one can begin to discern the essential flavour of St Ives painting.

It depends on a particular combination of roughness with elegance or, to put it another way, of the physical with the intellectual and with Borlase Smart in one corner and Wallis across the way, it is clear why it was Wallis who set the tone. Smart offers a composed view of rocks, sea, surf and sky in a technically adept but rather tired mode; Wallis plonks down a piece of what looks like driftwood with torn edges, crudely marked out like a map with the symbolic outlines of lighthouses, boats, cliffs, bays, jetties, houses, etc. The absence of viewpoint and the uncertain drawing are naive, but the colours are surprisingly sophisticated in their restraint. You glance at Smart's yeasty sea and register that it is a well-made representation of something you already know, but with Wallis you undergo a fresh experience, analysing the apparently arbitrary way the artist has assembled the ingredients of his scene and following a kind of path round it with your mind, while at the same time being aware, almost with your skin, of texture, weather, light and salt air.

The whole of this large and varied show, which includes painters, potters and sculptors of several generations, is really a set of variations on that theme. Sometimes, as with Gabo, John Wells or the more rigorous abstracts of Nicholson, there is more sense of analysis than of salt and sand, but even so there is an airiness and implied freedom of movement which is as much physical as mental. And although the generation after Nicholson — Wynter, Heron, Hilton, Frost — eventually burst into colours which might have shocked Wallis and perhaps did shock that other puritan elder of the St Ives community, the potter Bernard Leach, they retain a structural tension and a decent scrubbed texture, as if to guarantee their balanced sobriety.

The St Ives flavour is both open-air and domestic. There are window-views of the harbour by both Nicholson and Wood in the first room and the balance of intellect and physicality is also a balance of inside and outside, of the sun flowing into whitewashed rooms and of the occupants of those rooms emerging — rather briefly — for an encounter with the elements.

The Tate's exhibition is not at all domestic. There seems to be a preponderance of very large works and the rooms they occupy are as clinical and uncompromisingly public as they could be. Nicholson and occasionally Hepworth can stand up to this harsh treatment and the smaller works are partly protected by clustering together, but the chief loser is Peter Lanyon.

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His earlier, smaller paintings and constructions were tightly wound into themselves, but as he gained confidence in the Fifties and took to flying in his glider his canvases became larger and his brushwork looser in an attempt to convey the exhilaration of air and height. The Tate devotes a room to the paintings of this period, clapped up all together in the take-it-or-leave-it manner favoured by the Royal Academy, yet for all their size these are not really grand pieces, just big jovial gestures without the precise and graceful structure that supports Nicholson's largest works. It is only fair to Lanyon, who can be a very sensitive and numinous artist, to pay a visit to the New Art Centre, specialising in St Ives artists, and look at him again in more sympathetic surroundings. □

GARDENS

Flower power

Jules Lubbock

FOLLOWING HIS VISIT to Weller Streets and other Liverpool housing co-operatives last Monday, Jeff Rooker, the Shadow Housing Minister, stated that it is Labour policy for local authorities to promote management co-operatives among council tenants as a means of transferring power from bureaucracies to the individual, and of giving people more control over their own lives and environment. But he went further in calling for council tenants to enjoy the legal entitlement to form co-ops.

Mr Rooker was shocked to learn that his was the first visit to the co-ops by a Shadow Minister, but knows that he must tread carefully if he is to overcome the suspicion that co-ops are an attack upon local government. The strength of co-ops derives not from the *self-interest* of the individual, as Thatcherites believe, but from the energy and talents of individuals *as members of their communities*. But community enterprise of any kind cannot flourish without public funding or without national and local government providing the enabling legislation and administrative framework.

The community gardens movement over the past eight years is a case in point. It costs about £200,000 to landscape an acre, besides current expenditure on maintenance and supervision. The Calthorp Project garden in Grays Inn Road near Kings Cross was funded by Camden Council and the GLC. Ratecapping and abolition would have made it impossible. The initiative, however, was taken by local people, outraged by their discovery in 1981 that Camden was proposing to permit an office development on the site, in an area singularly lacking in public open space.

An action group was formed; Camden was lobbied and changed its mind; questionnaires asking for ideas were widely distributed and collected from 33 brightly painted voting boxes. These were analysed and used to prepare a model upon which people could experiment further at public planning meetings. Landscape architects finalised the design. The result combines beauty and a wide variety of uses. One

enters through a dramatic wooden gateway, across a footbridge, somewhat in the Chinese style, that crosses a sunken garden of winding paths, water gardens and rockeries that are shielded from the street. This area is connected with lawns and flower beds, and with an adventure playground and a hardcourt kickabout area on the opposite side. It is impossible that so imaginative and varied a use of the site could have been devised by a municipal parks department.

In Hackney, Free Form Arts Trust has been engaged in this kind of work for the past seven years. In Hackney Grove, an alley of rusting chain-link fences adjacent to the Town Hall, they have laid out a sunken garden, with wheelchair access, on the derelict site of a small factory. Here too there are winding paths, pergolas, rockeries and architectural follies, trees and climbing plants to cover the walls. The perimeter fence along the Grove is in the form of giant blades of waving grass painted bright green and blue. Nearby railway bridges have been painted. For Goldsmith's Square housing estate Free Form worked with the tenants association, the GLC and Hackney Council. The tenants' greatest need was for a fenced hardcourt games area which Free Form designed with ingeniously shaped entrances, dispensing with gates, so that balls would bounce back in. The possibilities are endless.

Free Form is interesting for another reason. Its members were trained not as architects or landscape designers but as artists who, from their student days, were convinced that the London art world was not for them. For one thing it disturbed them that their parents did not understand the kind of work they were doing. On leaving college in 1970 they started an Arts Workshop in Newham and found from their own market research that fun and play in which people could participate was more appreciated than hard-edged constructivism. They helped arrange neighbourhood festivals and street parties. But the turning point came in 1975 when, at the request of some residents, they laid out a tiny site as a temporary garden and play area. This was in Granby, Liverpool, where some of the first rehab. housing co-ops had been started five years earlier by Shelter's Neighbourhood Action Plan (SNAP). Even today, however, when most of their work is permanent, they still organise festivities to mark the opening ceremony of a scheme.

I have harshly criticised architects and architectural educators for being out of touch with the public that they are supposed to serve. In one respect art education is a worse offender. Of the hundreds of fine arts students who graduate each year only a tiny number become professional artists. Many become school teachers. But no thought is given to the majority who never employ their creative talents again. This is an appalling waste. The Labour Party is said to be in search of a policy for the arts. The work of Free Form could be its nucleus; they have demonstrated that the public demand exists for the kinds of skills and for the open-ended imagination our art colleges do so much to inhibit. And the specific social value of Free Form's approach, as part of a concerted policy, is that the beauty created would act as a catalyst for the extension of community-based power and enterprise. □

TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

RIP it up

'IF YOU WERE WHITE they put you on RCA Victor,' said Little Richard on **The South Bank Show** (LWT). 'But if you were black they put you on a subsidiary race-label, like Camden. If I'd been white there wouldn't have been any need for Elvis Presley.' Just as the disc jockey on **Repercussions** (C4), a useful round-up of surviving blues men and women in the Los Angeles area, including the voodooesque Big Mama Thornton and Lowell Fulson, could claim that 'Rhythm and Blues started right here in Los Angeles. Yes, right here', so Little Richard was within his rights asserting that he created rock 'n' roll: 'Didn't even know what I was doing. Chuck Berry was playing the blues.'

The show opened rightly in a church with 'The Reverend' Johnny Otis (yes, he of *Willie and the Hand Jive*) introducing a guest preacher. 'I saw him eat up America,' said Otis. 'He went to Europe and tore it to smithereens.' Then on came Richard in make-up and wet-look to do his take-offs of the different styles of black preaching. I could have done with more of this, the expression of Richard's other, black side. *Our* Richard was always a *white* performer, like Jimi Hendrix, who started in his touring band in the early Sixties. Just as Elvis was the blackened country singer, Richard was the whitened James Brown, for whom he stood in sometimes in the early days in Georgia, without anyone noticing the difference. That's what all the make-up ('Pancake 21'), hair-processing, fright wigs and campy were all about. After all, he was the first black singer to break the race barriers and make Top Forty. He broke every rule.

It was good to meet 'Bumps' Blackwell, the man who extracted this new sound from Richard in a now-mythical lunch break: 'We crossed the road to the Dew Drop Inn and Richard saw this piano . . .' Before long he had added a dish to the menu: *Tutti Frutti*. 'I recorded before Bumps got to me,' said Richard, 'but he was the first to get me a hit and he hasn't had one since and neither have I!' (Famous laugh and teeth.) 'Awopbopaloo-bobalobpopboom,' he told Bragg, was 'a drum beat I did with my voice'.

All good fun but what's wrong with programmes like this is the way the whole thing has to be related to the tired old TV norms, in this case the names of more famous, duller performers like Jagger and Macca and even 'Gary and the Pacemakers', as if no one had heard of Little Richard. Thus we had Bragg putting Richard through his Beatle and Rolling Stone stories on our behalf, as if rehearsing him for Tuesday's embarrassing *TVAM* or some tabloid revelations — 'Mick was sleeping on Bo Diddley's floor because there wasn't no room on mine. As USUAL!!! I was saying, "Next . . ." — instead of pinning him down about his

own musical influences, Roy Brown, Esquerita, Ray Charles, Lloyd Price, Sam Cooke maybe. On this night Richard was feeling the presence of the ladies and let rip with a string of names one would love to have caught a glimpse or a note of: Clara Wood, Ruth Brown, Sister Rosetta Tharpe, Mahalia Jackson. Even old 78s would have done, to see what it was he did to the music exactly, if anything.

The trouble with round-ups of old rockers is that the producers always feel they have to show live clips of the artist, usually nowhere musically, instead of playing the singles. Buddy Holly always suffers from this. He's dead, poor chap. What an opportunity was missed here to make a whirlwind stop and think and listen for a moment. Foolish thought!

Sickening to behold the workings of the bureaucratic termites employed to evict two elderly bachelor brothers from their smallholding in Barnsley in 'Whose House is it Anyway?' on **Forty Minutes** (BBC-2). Billy and George were born on their five acres: 'We had peacocks, grape vines, we had us own pigs, we lacked for nothing,' said George, surveying his now dismal (but coveted) domain. 'Five lads and seven sisters, all gone up and down the country.'

The place and the remaining brothers have fallen on harder times — they run a rat-infested 'make-do-and-mend cardboard and salvage business' whatever that is — and harder folks: neighbours, planners, bailiffs and little pieces of paper torture their declining years. 'What they're doing is Nazi way,' said a brother accurately, 'what they used to do to them Jewboys.' The other one thought it were a 'shabby do'. 'Unsuited to the niceties of procedure', the brothers failed to show at the Enquiry and the Town Hall scented blood. 'The local authority believe they can make better use of your land,' the brothers were told. As their ineffectual lawyer informed us after the fact: 'This is a clear breach of man's rights. Make no mistake, this section can be used against anybody's home.' (Shots of lonely mementoes lying in elderly confusion.) 'What do I like about it?' said George. 'I like everything about it. It's beauti-ful. We think it is. We pay the rates.'

The place was a living palimpsest, an unhygienic pile in the midst of suburbia, something marooned from the last century, all 'thees' and 'thas', no electricity, only loved things and meals shared with a few animals in the few years left to live, all rubbed out now and scribbled on by vole-mouthed Jobsworths, their gloating Yorkshire accents lending a Kafkaesque edge to the veiled cruelty of a 'Compulsive (sic, them) Purchase Order' at a quarter market value. They hardly spoke the same language. When George lost his temper with the women who kept trying to give him the key to some nearby slum, all that came out of his mouth was the melodious but harmless 'Look at 'un yersen. We don't want 'ouse. We got 'ouse. Tak tha 'ook. Tak tha bloody 'ook.'

Why didn't the Council wait till they died before evicting them to make way for a lonely scapegoat of an old folks home (some irony)? Because at the end of the year they would lose the grant allocated for the scheme. We were spared the old man's final eviction and our own reduced pride. □



Nick Driffy

Celebrating cafés

Barney Bardsley

BEING ADOLESCENT in the early Seventies was no easy matter. We had totally missed the age of rock 'n' roll, when juke boxes and Coca-Cola were new excitements and coffee bars the 'in' place to be. And we were just too late and conformist to join the bedraggled end of spaced-out hippydom. So what could we do, and where? Too young and as yet disinclined to booze, we took our endless teenage gossip to a local snackbar. Sipping dreary and cold cups of coffee. Getting depressed. Crumpled crisp packets, the beady eyes of weary shoppers and a procession of hermetically sealed trays reminded us that this was *takeaway* service really, and would we please — um — take ourselves away.

Such are my early memories of the British café. I learned young about eating and drinking on the run, so that to this day I find it hard to sit down at a dinner table and make pleasant conversation. Whatever good qualities the British may claim, whether eccentricity or polite reserve, then we must accept one thing. We are not a relaxed people.

The idea of chatting for hours over one cup of coffee, idly watching the passers-by, reading a paper or even just sitting was regimented out of me at the age of 16. What is an old and enduring way of life all over Europe — the world of the streetside café — has been ping-ponged over here into indigestible five-minute food joints, influenced by the hamburger hurry of America but without that huge continent's open spaces to explain such a constant need to be on the move.

It's just *lazy* to 'do nothing', we feel. And it's

rude to stare. So we have hidden ourselves away at work, in dark little Victorian pubs, in poky eating houses and at home. We have forgotten how to look at each other.

Coffee has never really been a favourite drink of mine, but the Western European culture which surrounds it I find fascinating, appealing and very comforting. The continent is not somewhere I can go often — money prohibits — but the few places I *have* seen all confirm the therapeutic necessity of café life.

In Berlin I sense a pull on those ancient peacock impulses to see and to be seen. There is a volatile feel to many of the trendier cafés, an anxiety implicit in the city's politics and a camp quality which exudes a bizarre camaraderie. Misfits fit in here. No one bats an eye. Café

CAFE
St Pierre
29 Clerkenwell
Green, London EC1
7.30-24.00
01-251 6606

Metropol fills up nightly at 3 a.m. with bug-eyed creatures of the night — transvestites and their crazy entourage — but, though its seamy, druggy atmosphere is a million miles away from Joe's Caff back in blighty, somehow here I feel safer. Because everything goes.

In Amsterdam there is a gentler feeling. Large, rather elegant cafés open out on to the main square. Waiters hover, quick and efficient, when new orders are made, but if your single cuppa lingers one or even two hours, then that's OK. No one ever asks you to move on, and there is no muffled disguise or embarrassment about why you are all there. The purpose of the café is to meet people and to watch them. All the chairs and tables are placed in comfortable rows facing the square. Where is the action? It is all around you. This is theatre of the most informal and relaxing kind, and it releases an enormous physical warmth, because suddenly there is nothing to fear from life. You are simply a part of it.

No mention of cafés is complete without Paris. Not the haute couture of the main streets, but the ordinary little haunts, where people drift in after work or in a lunchbreak, sitting in creaky chairs, quaffing tiny cups of thick black coffee — a bigger boost than benzedrine to a battered system. The French are no fools. They take their pleasures fast and long.

But where does this leave the poor old British? Still buzzing around with take-away tea in plastic cups? I don't think so, somehow. I spent all last summer trying to recreate a Parisian spring weekend, wandering through London in vain search of paradise. There were still plenty of throwbacks to my adolescence: anxious waitresses in tiny caffs, perplexed at my lingering espressos and stubborn refusals to order limp ham butties. But there were also new finds.

London has always had cosmopolitan pretensions, and ritzy cafés. But now there is a gentle revolution in the making. Smaller cafés have croissants and filter coffee. Bright, French-influenced places are springing up, not just for the titled, but for ordinary folk; not just in Soho but in Brixton. The cultural tidal wave which took us into a Coke-and-burger, smashed-up American dream is quietly on the turn.

And the feeling is not just in city cafés but is part of a wider impulse. Popular music is more moody and reflective these days. Underneath the megahype wailings of Michael Jackson and Frankie Goes to Hollywood, there are gentle boulevard sounds, like the soft-voiced Sade and the lovely saxophone whisperings of Paul Weller's Style Council. After punk's angry, nihilistic explosion, young bands are making romantic ballads. Escapist? Maybe. But it's symptomatic of a growing need. Perhaps, as the nuclear shadow gets darker, we are turning to old pleasures — the simple things. Not television, videos and walkmans, but social get-togethers, a cosy chat round tables? Not computers but cups of coffee? Not new, new, new America, but the lingering soul of Europe?

Absurd imaginings maybe. But at a dangerous time, in a dangerous place, I feel a deep need just to be with people, and I feel it in those around me. After all, it's the only thing we've got in the end — each other. And the café always was a celebration of that. □

Naseem Khan Showdown



YOU CAN go down to the housing office and bang on till the cows come home about damp and shoddy repairs. Make a video about them, though, and things change. That seems to be the message that came over in a Brighton community centre the other week, where a hundred or so council tenants gathered for the first public showing of their film *Moulsecoomb by Sea*.

The name is a sarcastic one of course. Moulsecoomb isn't the healthy, briny, ritzy end of Brighton. No one would go to Moulsecoomb for a holiday or for their health. And half the people in Moulsecoomb probably don't want to be there either. Looking at the ten-minute video film they made last summer, you can see why. Over-crowding, peeling walls, broken fences that let children into the path of passing cars, electric plugs hanging off damp walls. And just in case you're thinking, 'Ah, the selective power of the camera', the Birdham Road Area Action Group (BRAAG), who made the film, also recorded the state of 136 of the road's 152 houses. In them they found, among much else, 78 cases of damp of which 40 were severe (30 per cent of the total surveyed), 13 of over-crowding, 17 of dry rot or woodworm. And although the survey edged into opinion (82, or 60 per cent, complained about the smallness of the kitchens) this did not detract from the force of the recent public meeting.

It was one of those occasions that take you aback — and took the organisers aback too. How many would turn up — they were asking themselves anxiously at 7.30 — 20 people, 30? At a quarter to eight, they had to ask people to move their chairs forward so that they could put in twice as many again. At eight o'clock it was jam-packed — a dark brown, neon-lit, prefabricated hall — with people waiting for the chief invited guest, Cllr Brian Grinstead, chairman of Brighton's Housing Committee. Cllr Grinstead unfortunately never turned up. But there were other politicians there: two Labour councillors and, in his private capacity, the Conservative leader of the council, Bob Cristofoli, sandwiched in the midst of the throng like a herring in a tin of sardines.

Given the evidence of the film, it was remarkable how restrained the meeting was. Cristofoli and, as importantly, the Housing Manager, Michael Elbro, must have had moments of funk as the short film rolled on. 'He's a brave man, I'll give him that,' commended a lady in the front row as Elbro later did his best to put Birdham Road in an overall miserable context. No punches were pulled, however, even though no actual punches were thrown. New tenancies were supposed to be inspected before new tenants moved in: 'All I can say,' said a man scathingly,

'is that the inspectors must all have had white canes.' And how about the sewer lid broken three years ago that regularly caused toilets down the road to get blocked? The council kept sending workmen to deal with the results, but nobody actually came to mend the sewer lid itself.

At the same time, nobody put any faith in the efficiency of council workmen: 'bodgers'; 'cowboys, not craftsmen'. Half done, shoddy, incompetent work, it offended people because it seemed to them to illustrate the contempt with which they were regarded. 'Generally speaking,' said Cllr Cristofoli — a chunky spectacled man, his father a local tiler — soberly, 'You're right in your grievances... I'm very impressed. You've put up such a good case that Birdham Road and adjacent roads will have to be considered anew, and money will have to be allocated within this financial year.'

Is this a victory? There was no great hurrah, perhaps because assurances by politicians are no new thing. (A local Labour activist who tried to interpret things in party terms got short shrift. 'This is not a platform for political jargon.' 'We haven't always had cuts, but we've always had a Moulsecoomb.') And Birdham Road is, after all, just one road. That is not to say that apathy reigned. On the contrary, people flocked up to volunteer active support to BRAAG. But it was with few illusions about the difficulties of the task. 'If you go to the council and say you've come from Moulsecoomb, they think you're a sub-standard person,' said a woman feelingly. Murmurs of assent came from all sides of the room.

Whatever view outsiders may have of Moulsecoomb, there can be little doubt that Birdham Road's view of itself has been changed by *Moulsecoomb by Sea*. That of course was a secondary objective for the video workshop behind the film, Barefoot Video. For Moulsecoomb didn't turn into video-makers overnight. BRAAG, spurred on by a community worker, asked the three-year-old Hove-based group to teach them to use the medium. A 12-week course (funded by the WEA) led to the film: a classic lesson in the constructive use of new means of communication. As far as Barefoot is concerned, the project fitted well into its work with a variety of East Sussex groups and needs for which it acts as a useful training service and resource: the young (Newhaven Music and Video Workshop); the elderly (Brunswick Community Association); special schools (the Loudmouth Project); long-stay hospitals (part of a Channel 4 project).

The core of its work is not to make films but to enable others to make films — not easy, particularly when deadlines loom and the temptation to do it oneself is huge. It was a temptation resisted in *Moulsecoomb by Sea*, an effective, coherent but not sophisticated video: scripted, surveyed, shot and co-edited by members of BRAAG. In theory the group (and others) could go on to do their own videos. Except for editing, all the work, said Su Braden of Barefoot Video, could be done on high street equipment. Whether BRAAG and others go on to do precisely that must be the test of the workshop's next three years and beyond. In the meantime, the achievement as it stands is considerable. □

Weekend competition

No 2863 Set by E.O. Parrott

In the USA, they have come up with the ultimate telephone service: Dial-An-Insult. Those insults we heard of were not outstanding ('One day you will lose your head over someone, but you won't miss it') and we're certain that you could do better. So could we please have an exchange with a subscriber who gets his or her money's worth of abuse? Max. 150 words by 20 March.

No 2860 Set by E.O. Parrott

Cheery verses in praise of influenza, the common cold or any other winter ill.

Report By Babe Bio

I'll tell you sumthing: your lucky *our* post is'n't intersepted by MI5. If Mrs Thrasher got to find out wat a bukktful of wimps and shirkers you are, skurring gleafully off to bed at the first glob of flem in the Kleenex, she'd have you strait on the tred-mill, jenerating nuclear enerjy. Faster, Sharpless, you skiving pinko! That'l teech you, Basil Ransome-Davies, you Kremlin-funded anophile you! Akshelly, Bas, you do'nt deserve to win — your poem being not prisely *cheary* — but bums, I rekken, can always use the publicity. Ten pounds (or dollers, whichever's worth most) to all of you printed below.

The victim of the common cold, or coryza,
Never lacks for a sympathizer;
When you sneeze, even people who don't normally
address you

Say 'Bless you!'
You suddenly become a person to pamper and
cosset and mollycoddle;

The whole thing's a doddle,
And the enforced leisure
A delightful and unexpected pleasure.
But — to get to the real nitty-gritty —
The best thing of all is wallowing in self-pity;
Milking the situation for all it's worth, you strike
your long-suffering-martyr pose,
And mutter, 'It's duthing — just god a code id by
doze.'

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Here's to the Lemsip all steamy and hot,
And here's to the brave streptococci;
Here's to the nose that is blocked up with snot,
And here's to the legs that feel rocky.
Here comes a sneeze —
Hear the chest wheeze;
I'm snug here in bed while the others all freeze.

Here's to the doctor who fingers my pulse,
And here's to the maid who feels too, sir;
I hope I get worse then they'll send me a nurse,
Oh, there's no end of fun in the 'flu, sir.

TED THOMPSON

A snuffle, a sniff,
They really are triff,
And jolly good news for the nose;
For nothing's so twanky
As true hanky-panky
And wailing out 'Whoa! Thar she blows!'

A splutter, a sneeze,
They honestly please
And hardly are heralds of doom;
For once one is running,
In no time — how cunning! —
There's not a dry eye in the rheum.

WILL BELLENGER

Each year among the Northern isles
Come ailments with the snow.
Was Craig Raine's arsehole stuffed with piles?
Alas, we'll never know.

I only know what troubles me,
An ordinary chap:
My toilet bowl is like TV,
Half full of bloody crap.

Whatever normal winter ills
The Englishman avoids,
Falling mercury always fills
His bum with haemorrhoids.

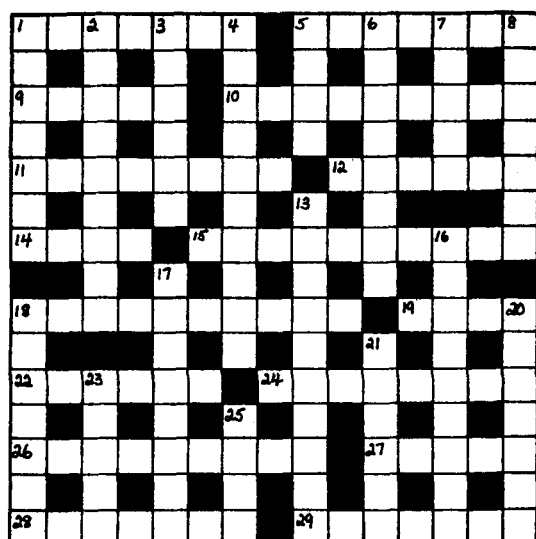
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

I wouldn't be minus
my troublesome sinus,
I cherish this precious complaint.
It allows me to wear
the agonised air
of a silent and suffering saint.
And as I shrug off
an incipient cough
and hint at affliction obscured,
It thrills me to know
that I bask in the glow
of martyrdom bravely endured.

PHILIP A. NICHOLSON

Weekend Crossword 1471

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1471, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 19 March.



ACROSS

- Small cloths made by a family in their sleep (7)
- Have meat and drink to give encouragement (7)
- He must have his majority although he may be in a minority (5)
- When apart sees changes and stops living together (9)
- Where one may seek relief and possibly need to be relaxed (8)
- One article on motor manufacturers is gay (6)
- Ground which has appeal to a man (4)
- Fish-wife perhaps as a cause of poisoning? (10)
- Caper about, having ups and downs in Wales (10)
- Helen's mother appears in a pale damask robe (4)
- Dressing a former pupil in something for a wedding (6)
- Leave country and start going into foreign territory (8)
- Continent in which Satan is ruined by girl (9)
- A small piece of territory is occupied (5)
- Put up with half of us being included in the final colour (7)
- Provided an instance of the worm turning (7)

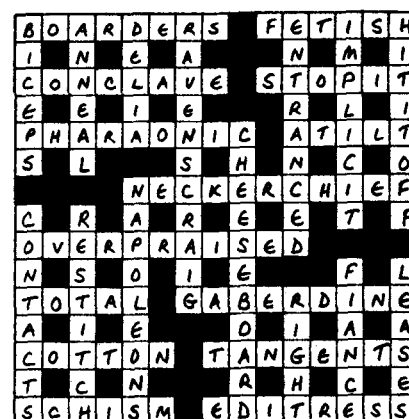
DOWN

- Look after a book for Ivor (7)
- No art is involved in the writing, but financial support is still provided (9)
- Place featured in a funny serial (6)
- Planned rebuilding of same city street (10)
- Climbing resorts for simpletons (4)
- Spend nearly all of the money over the road on a herb (8)

- Some music is needed since half-term comes in a month (5)
- Password which shows a girl is on time (7)
- A modest income makes everyone stingy in writing to Bob (5,5)
- After change of life permit to be unproductive (3,6)
- Woman who has to do women's work and rest irregularly (8)
- Something worn with a dip in the middle (7)
- Declare a man has to be warded off (7)
- Less attractive point in a posh girl's make-up (6)
- Gentle novice enters a group (5)
- Not new, having been kept in the house donkey's years (4)

SET SQUARE

Solution to 1469



Prizewinners to 1469

Teresa Gautrey (Rome, Italy)
Keith L. Harrison (Sheffield)
Mrs A. Priestman (Broughton-in-Furness)

Name _____

Address _____

NB: the solution and prizewinners to 1470 will appear next week.

APPOINTMENTS

THE LABOUR PARTY has a vacancy for the post of ASSISTANT LOCAL GOVERNMENT OFFICER (Research Department)

The Local Government Section consists of the Local Government Officer, his secretary and the Assistant Local Government Officer (the present vacancy). The Section is an important part of the Research Department, being responsible for all local government matters at Head Office; and it works in close co-operation with the relevant research officers in the Department.

The Assistant will work with the Local Government Officer to provide wide-ranging support work for National Executive Committee, Labour Groups and appropriate local parties; prepare research and policy papers, and also campaign, speech, political education and other information material; act as a source of advice on local government matters, including legal issues and finance; and advise the National Agent on organisational matters as they affect local government. She or he will also assist in the preparation of the publication, "Labour Councillor"; and in arranging conferences called to discuss local government matters.

Applicants must have a good understanding and experience of local government; be able to write well; and have experience in the preparation of research papers, briefing material and other material for publication. An Honours Degree, though not essential, would be a considerable advantage. A background of activity in the Party, in local government, and in the wider Labour movement, is essential.

Salary range, inclusive of London Weighting, £10,420-£12,080 p.a., dependent on appropriate experience in a similar capacity.

Application forms are available from: The Administrative and Personnel Officer, The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT (tel. 01-703 1064) and should be returned by Monday, 25 March 1985. This is a re-advertisement of the post and previous applicants need not apply.

The Labour Party is an equal opportunities employer.

Information Officer

£10,404 to £11,025

This is a new post in the Chief Executive Officer's Department. The postholder will be responsible for the supply of information regarding the activities of the Council to the media, the general public, Council Members and employees. The duties of the post will include:-

- Acting as a principal media contact for the Authority
- Researching and preparing detailed press statements and organising media briefings.
- Advising Members and Chief Officers on the content of material directed to the public/press.
- Co-ordinating the Council's Open Days and assisting with the research and planning of campaigns, exhibitions, receptions and other functions.
- Co-ordinating the promotion of Norwich as a centre for industry, commerce, conferences and tourism.

These duties will call for close contact with national/regional press, radio and television; as well as liaison with various outside bodies.

The successful candidate will be confident, have a mature personality, and will be a clear audible speaker. Applicants must have proven journalistic and/or public relations experience, and will preferably have some experience of radio or television. The possession of a degree and the proficiency examination of the National Council for the Training of Journalists is desirable; and a certificate from the Communications, Advertising and Marketing Foundation would be an advantage.

For further details and an application form contact, Ken Codling, Personnel Department, City Hall, Norwich, Telephone (0603) 622233 ext. 226.

Completed applications must be returned by 1st April 1985.

Norwich is an equal opportunity Employer



CITY OF NORWICH



NALGO requires an ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER

to work in the Research Section, responsible for policy development including the servicing of specialist committees, working parties, etc., preparing briefing material for senior officers and members of the NEC and the provision of information and advisory services to negotiators.

The successful candidate will be expected to contribute to all aspects of the section's work but initially their major responsibility will be for servicing the Energy Policy Advisory Committee and the Construction Policy Sub-Committee; for providing briefing for the corresponding TUC Committees and the 'little neddies' for building and civil engineering; and covering transport, water and environmental issues. The job should therefore suit an economist with an interest in the nationalised industries/public utilities and construction or someone with extensive experience in the above fields.

Appropriate degree an advantage but trade union commitment, some knowledge of current economic and industrial relations issues, statistical ability and an awareness of contemporary issues are more important.

Applicants will be considered on the basis of their suitability for the post regardless of sex, race, marital status, sexual orientation or disablement.

Commencing salary: £12,675 p.a. on a scale rising to a maximum of £13,797 p.a. (inclusive of London Weighting).

Application forms and further details from the
General Secretary National and Local Government Officers
Association,

1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ.

Telephone: 01-388 2366.

Completed application forms must be received by the General Secretary no later than 29 March 1985.

GLC

Working for London

Lease Compliance Officers

All new industrial leases issued by the GLC contain a good employer clause, providing for health and safety and employment rights such as equal opportunities, fair wages and trade union access. Some 200 small firms have agreed to these terms.

The main responsibilities of these posts include monitoring and advising on compliance with the clause, including visits and liaison with appropriate trade unions, and assisting in the development of publicity material.

Experience of industrial relations and trade union procedures is essential with proven communication skills and good knowledge of legislation in at least one of the following areas: Health and Safety, Employment Protection, Sex and Race Discrimination. For one post the ability to speak Bengali and a good knowledge of ethnic minority communities is required.

Salary: £13,065 - £14,781 inclusive.



The GLC is an equal opportunities employer. We invite applications from women and men from all sections of the community, irrespective of their ethnic origin, colour, sexual orientation or disability, who have the necessary attributes to do the job.

For an application form, to be returned by 22nd March 1985, write to: GLC Director-General's Department, Ref: 5503, Room 203, The County Hall, SE1 7PB or telephone 01-633 2390.

These posts are suitable for job sharing

GENERAL MUNICIPAL BOILERMAKERS AND ALLIED TRADES UNION

Head Office: Thorne House, Ruxley Ridge,
Claygate, Esher, Surrey, KT10 0TL.
Tel: Esher (0372) 62081.

RESEARCH ASSISTANT (TEMPORARY) £9,188 per annum (pay award pending)

GMBATU requires a Research Assistant to provide briefings for Negotiating Officers and Shop Stewards on collective bargaining, industrial, economic and social developments. The post covers the engineering and food industries.

Trade Union or industrial experience and/or a degree in related disciplines would be a distinct advantage.

This post is a temporary maternity leave replacement and will be for a period of 40 weeks immediately following Easter 1985.

An application form may be obtained from the Personnel Department at the above address (extn 96).

Closing date: 20 March 1985.

Part Time

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

for Trade Union Newspaper
Euston Area

Office duties including
some typing, filing, copy-
taking, running errands.
Pay and hours by
agreement.

Tel. Mr Slingsby 01-388 1952

TRADES UNION CONGRESS Economic Department

ASSISTANT

required for work on economic,
industrial and collective bargaining
issues.

Salary from £10,388-£13,623
by annual increments (including
London Weighting)

Write as soon as possible and not
later than 15 March 1985 to the
General Secretary,
Trades Union Congress,
Congress House,
Great Russell St.,
London WC1B 3LS
for details & application form
quoting ref (TUC 1)

The TUC is an equal opportunity
employer

BRIDGEND CONSTITUENCY Labour Party
invite applications from Prospective
Parliamentary Candidates. Closing date for
applications is Saturday 30 March 1985; sent to
Allan Jones, Secretary, Bridgend Constituency
Labour Party, 46 Waunbant Road, Kenfig Hill,
Bridgend, Mid-Glamorgan CF33 6DE. Tel. 0656
740661.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies
for temporary & permanent office staff with
typing skills. We welcome enquiries from
mature people as well as College leavers. Phone
Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agt),
Aldford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V
1LT. 01-826 8345.

BOOKS

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine
condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books,
57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and
quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702)
331004.

HEARTSEARCH

ACTIVE, DIVORCED, professional man, 50,
with varied interests, would like to meet
unattached woman, perfect of course, actually
no pre-conditions. Eastern Counties preferred.
Box (10)0404.

AMERICAN MALE, 42, Antique books and art
dealer living in Santa Monica, California seeks a
permanent relationship with British lady under
32. I am single, 5' 10", not religious, fond of
ballet and modern music. Ideally she should
have a good sense of humour, be slender and
attractive, like to travel and be adventurous. I
am visiting London 13-19 March. Kindly send
photo & biographical data: M. Hollander, c/o
Averard Hotel, 10 Lancaster Gate, London W2.
Or after 18 March to: 852, 19th Street, Santa
Monica, California 90403, USA.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80,
enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences,
rambles, dancing? The Progressive League
caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus.
And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE graduate, 35 yrs old,
lively with many interests, seeks similar male,
for genuine friendship and mutual care. W.
Midlands. Box (10)0385.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, caring,
sociable woman, 36, divorced, tall, slim,
feminine, would like to meet tall, intelligent,
attractive, caring man, 40s. London, England?
Box (09)0378.

ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL, non-political,
divorced man, 48, 5' 8", seeks attractive and
perceptive woman, younger than me, for
concerts, theatre, friendship & who knows?
Box (10)0401.

BRIGHTON: ATTRACTIVE, lively, warm,
sensual, loving, caring, unattached woman
(mid-30s), seeks male counterpart (25-45),
to share time and wine. Photo/phone
appreciated. Box (10)0395.

BUSY, PROFESSIONAL woman, 46, div.,
with interesting and rewarding career, beautiful
home, cultural interests, seeks similar
unattached man, for fulfilling relationship.
London. Box (10)0432.

DATLINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate
introductions lead to pleasant friendships,
spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting
relationships including marriage. All ages, all
areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating,
Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8.
Tel. 01-938 1011.

DIVORCEE (41), suffering winter malaise,
seeks exciting, springtime relationship.
(Surrey/London). Box (10)0428.

FEMALE, 40, temporarily living and working in
West Country, seeks man with whom to enjoy
pubs, walks, talks and good food. Box
(10)0439.

GENUINE, GEMINI, grandma, gregarious,
good-looking, into music not gamesmanship;
would gladly greet a genial, go-getting gallant
with whom to gallivant. (55-60). 01-878 4749.

GOOD LOOKING, slim male, 35, caring,
genuine, interests politics, laughter, life, seeks
attractive, sincere female, around 30, for
companionship, fun, perhaps more. Box
(10)0413.

GRADUATE COUPLE, 50, not unrepresentable,
hale (though not too hearty), think variety adds
spice to life and seek like-minded friends. East
Midlands. Box (10)0429.

HAMPSTEAD: ATTRACTIVE, professional
woman (45), with undergraduate son, seeks
wealthy, caring man, for close companionship
and marriage. Interests arts, walking, talking.
Other children welcome. Box (10)0406.

HAPPY & HUMOROUS male, 42, non-
smoker, sympathetic to feminism, seeks
independent woman for friendship, North
West/North Wales. Box (10)0386.

I'M 36, male, enjoy cinema, fringe theatre,
travel, social life, drinks. Community/social
policy job. Arts graduate. Leftish but not active.
Would like to meet unattached woman for
friendship/relationship. Box (10)0415.

INTELLIGENT MALE graduate, 43, prone to
black depressions, would like to
meet/respond with similar female. Interests
include: literature, politics, writing, bridge. Box
(10)0416.

IRISH GUY, 33, intelligent, solvent, interesting
Gemini, living Bloomsbury, seeks intelligent,
assertive female with interests, feelings and
needs. Please ring 01-837 2052.

IS THERE a warm, caring and sensual lady,
willing to befriend a gentleman 50, London
area. Looking for friend to enjoy good times
together. Box (10)0383.

LONDON MALE, 36, socialist, non-smoker,
teacher. Likes books, films, pubs, walking,
talking etc. Seeks similar woman, to help wean
him off workaholicism (mutual aid?) Box
(10)0384.

MALE 36, and daughter 7 living South London.
Leftish, veggie, grad., occasional jogger,
would like to meet compatible female, for nice
relationship. Box (10)0399.

MALE 62, seeks woman of mature, human
experience, and warm, social and spiritual
awareness to explore living, loving, learning.
Box (10)0390.

MALE ACADEMIC, 34, seeks slim, attractive,
socialist female, under 35, into films, theatre,
books for stimulating relationship. East
Midlands. Box (09)0364.

MALE ACADEMIC, unattached but family-
oriented, 40s, would like to meet intelligent,
articulate, not unattractive, professional
woman, mid-late 30s, interested in music,
theatre, travel, politics, sport, living or working
in London area. Photo appreciated but not
essential. Box (10)0402.

MALE GRADUATE, 46, tall, divorced, in
caring profession, good humoured, warm &
sensitive. Interested mainly in the arts but
enjoying all other usual life's activities, seeks an
intelligent, well educated female, of similar
make-up, for lasting relationship. Midlands.
Box (10)0396.

MALE TEACHER, 30, seeks interesting female
for long-term relationship. Photo appreciated.
Birmingham/West Midlands area. Box
(10)0389.

MALE VEGETARIAN, University graduate,
Continental origin, non-smoker, fifty, living on
the South Coast, would like to meet compatible
female. Please reply to Box (10)0387.

MALE, 22, would like to befriend anyone and
everyone sincere and friendly. Be on my side,
I'll be on your side. Please write Box (09)0340.

MANCHESTER: UNEMPLOYED male, 35,
shy and bookish, seeks female, non-
materialistic, smoker OK, for friendship. Box
(10)0400.

MIDLANDS MALE, 40s, reasonably amusing,
quite intelligent, various outdoor pursuits
(some indoor ones), a shade arty, hopes
Miss/Ms/Mrs Right will write. Box (10)0398.

POST-GRAD. FEMALE, 23, Piscean
personality-type, sensible but enjoys
spontaneity, non-scene, supportive, evolving
left leanings, a little adrift in SW London; seeks
discreet, giving, London female 21-30+,
stable, genuine interests and needs. Box
(10)0391.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN Graduate, single,
47, mellowed left-wing, interested everything
bar sport and domesticity, loves boats,
London, the arts, jazz, travel, moorland,
driving, the sea, sampling different cuisines.
Has irreverent sense of humour and love of
language, enjoys puns etc., seeks similar man
45-55 preferably London/Essex. Box (08)0299.

SEMI-DETACHED WOMAN, planning
summer holiday, wonders if a relaxed man
(about 50) would like to go at same time. Please
write describing your idea of a good holiday.
Box (10)0438.

'THE NEEDS OF Strangers'. Warm, spirited,
cosmopolitan London woman is travelling
hopefully in search of mature, amiable,
intelligent, cultured male friend and weekend
companion. Box (09)0363.

US MALE professional, 55, attractive, British
born, will spend August in South Wales. Seeks
pretty woman for pleasant meetings, dinners
etc. during visit, perhaps someone who would
like an expense-free week's holiday in Wales.
Box (10)0407.

VIVACIOUS FEMINIST, 29, enjoys cycling,
rural idylls, theatre and Australian Bush songs,
seeks rugged, sensual, non-sexist, amusing
man. Midlands, anywhere. Box (10)0405.

WARM, CUDDLY S. London male, 40, major
interests early music, active politics, seeks
sympathetic female 30s+, with a view to
friendship (+?) and good times together. Box
(09)0358.

WEST MIDLANDS male, 36, non-smoker,
interests are: short stories, poetry, countryside,
walking, theatre, cinema. Would like to meet
woman, age immaterial, for caring relationship.
Box (10)0417.

WOMAN DESIGNER needs amusing,
socialist man to make her glow again. You'd be
positive, affectionate, solvent, 35+, parent
maybe, available in London. Box (10)0388.

WORLD CITIZEN, Greek male, 40s,
writer/poet in English, into psychology,
spirituality, Eros, communal living, seeks fun-
loving lady, any nationality, 25-40, similar
tastes, share life/love, Athens. Photo
appreciated. Box (10)0427.

YOUNG MAN, 23, involved with pressure
groups may like to get involved with you. Other
interests are travel, writing articles and
friendships. Box (10)0414.

LISTINGS

THURS 7 MAR

LONDON Miners Benefit with The Artery
Band 8pm Kennedy Hall, Irish Centre, 52
Camden Sq, NW1. NUM spkr. and rep. from
Hatfield Main Women's Support Grp. Adm.
£3.50/£2 UB40. Bar/Food. Org. Holborn,
St. Pancras & Finsbury Miners Support
Grp. 01-278 8394.

FRI 8 MAR

BOLTON International Womens Day Social.
Bar till 12pm. Women only. 8pm Bolton
Socialist Club, 16 Wood St.

SAT 9 MAR

BOLTON International Womens Day
Festival. Workshops, food, bar, creche.
10.30am-4pm Bolton Socialist Club, 16
Wood St. Details: 0204 399494.

LONDON Benefit for Women's Section,
Chile Solidarity Campaign 8pm-1pm New
Merlin's Cave, Margery St, WC1. 'The Guest
Stars', disco, food, bar. Adm. £3/£1 UB40.
Women only. Details: 01-272 4298.

LONDON Miner's Benefit with Elvis Costello
& The Attractions, Billy Bragg and S. Wales
Striking Miners Choir. 7.30pm Logan Hall, 20
Bedford Way, WC1. Tickets £8 from
Bloomsbury Theatre Box Office, 15 Gordon
St, WC1. 01-387 9629. Org. London Wales
Congress.

LONDON Islington CND Coach to
Molesworth. Pick up 10am Town Hall, Upper
St, N1. Returning 6pm. Tickets £4/£2.50
UB40. Bookings: 01-352 1402.

STAFFORD Labour's Defence Strategy -
its Future? by Mike Gapes, International
Research Officer, Labour Party. 2pm-5pm
Labour Rooms, Wolverhampton Rd. Adm.
50p.

CHESTERFIELD Women against Pit
Closures International Women's Day Rally
11.30am-1.30pm Saltergate Football
Stadium, Spkrs. incl. Ann Lilburn, Joan
Ruddock, Arthur Scargill. For coaches ring:
01-582 0996.

LONDON 2nd Meeting of Conf. of Socialist
Economists' Working Grp. on Information
Technology 10.45am-4.30pm 86-100 St.
Pancras Way, NW1. Details: Phil
Blackburn, 152 Kennington Park Rd., SE11
4DJ. 01-582 4970.

LONDON City of London Anti-Apartheid
Grp. 'Call to Action' Conf. 10.30am-5pm
Adelaide Centre, Adelaide St, WC2. Spkrs.
incl. David Kitson, Richard Baffe MEP,
Valerie Venness, Liverpool Black Caucus.
Adm. 75p/30p UB40. Creche, disabled
access poor but help available. Org. City of
London AA Grp. 01-837 6050.

SUN 10 MAR

LONDON 'Here we go... Again!'
International Women's Day & One Year on
Strike! Benefit Concert for Women in the
mining communities 7pm Piccadilly Theatre,
Denman St, W1. Tickets £5/£2 UB40 01-437
4506. Bring money for collection and new
children's shoes, gift vouchers from chain
stores. Org. London Labour
Women/Sponsored by Spare Rib.
Details: Rachel Lever 01-278 1341/251
1773.

CAMBRIDGE Miners Support Grp. Public
Meeting with Dennis Skinner MP, Terry
Thomas, S. Wales NUM, Kim Gardiner,
Women against Pit Closures. 7.30pm Alex
Wood Hall, Norfolk St. Details: 0223
240990.

LONDON 'What Asian Theatre after the
abolition of GLC?' Asian Theatre Meeting
2pm Tara Arts Centre, 356 Garratt La, SW18.
Spkr. Parminder Vir, GLC.

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding
issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible
for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you
book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

German Historical
Institute, London
Tuesday 12 March 5 p.m.
Wolfgang Reinhard
(Augsburg)
New World and Old World:
The Balance Sheet of an Exchange.
European Imperialism and the Americas
in the Early Modern Period
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

MEETINGS

A POLICY for the Health of the Elderly.
Saturday 16 March 1985. 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.
Mary Ward Hall, Tavistock Place, London
WC1. Tickets £3 (unwaged £1) and further
details from Socialist Health Association, 195
Worple Road, London SE17. Tel. 01-703
6838.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book
list, programme of activities. Public talk Sunday
10 Mar. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Death
and After'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London
W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
20 Bedford Way
London WC1
THE RICHARD PETERS
LECTURES

Wed. 13 Mar. 5.30pm
Bernard Williams
'The Primacy of Dispositions'
Admission free

COURSES

UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD
POSTGRADUATE SCHOOL
OF SOCIAL ANALYSIS.

The School of Social Analysis offers one year
full-time and two year part-time courses
leading to the award of:

M.Sc. in
RACE RELATIONS AND
COMMUNITY STUDIES.
Diploma in
RACE RELATIONS AND
COMMUNITY STUDIES.

Further information and application forms
may be obtained from:

The Admissions Secretary,
Postgraduate School of Social
Analysis, University of Bradford, West
Yorkshire, BD7 1DP.

University of Southampton
Department of Adult Education
KENYA — A STUDY TOUR
of a developing country.

Three weeks late July/August
1985

Fee approx. £1,150.

Full details from: John Arnold,
Dept. Adult Education, The
University, Southampton, SO9
5NH. Tel: 559122 ex. 3575.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers a unique educational and cultural
experience. Expert tuition in the Italian
language (all levels), the Florentine
Renaissance, Mannerism & Baroque,
Drawing & Water Colouring. Special 9
month 'A' Level courses in Italian and
Art History. Splendid premises & library
in historic centre. Accommodation
arranged.

Prospectus from: David Rundle,
Director, British Institute, Lungarno
Guicciardini 9, Florence, Italy.
Tel. 010-39 55 284 031.

CONFERENCE

WOMEN IN
MEDICINE CONFERENCE
23 & 24 March 10a.m.
Caxton House, St John's Way
Archway, London N.19

For Women — doctors, health workers
and others interested.

Workshops on issues women doctors face
& women's health care. CRECHE.

Details: Women in Medicine,
12 Worple Avenue, London SW19.
Tel: 01-341 0282

PURSUTTS

EDUCATED, PERSONABLE Indian woman,
40s, would like to meet educated, professional
people, English and European, age no bar, for
friendship. Box (09)0347.

IS EROTICISM dead? Anti-puritanical couple
think so. We prefer Sappho to sociology, Miller
to manifestoes. Seeking discerning, sensitive,
funloving revivals. ALA. Box (10)0393.

MALE GRADUATE 25, classical music lover,
seeks similar friends for concert, opera, theatre
visits; also correspondence or friendship with
Italian speakers. Merseyside/Manchester. Box
(09)0357.

MENAGE-A-TROIS Society (mats) forming,
seeks hedonistic males, females, couples
opposed to tyranny and predictability of
coupledom. Let threesome ring thrice. ALA.
Box (10)0394.

WANTED: LITERATE male travelling
companion, for occasional long weekends and
(who knows) longer journeys, by 64 year-old
woman gainfully employed but with free time,
tired of travelling either alone or with other
women. Box (10)0392.

SERVICES

AUDIO/COPY typing, word processing. Neat,
efficient, competitive. Jenny Burke: 01-892
8929.

PETER COXSON Typing Service. Morning:
Ann Walker 01-584 0198. Afternoon: Carol
Willis 01-642 1001.

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French.
Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

SCRIPTS TYPED. Experienced playwright
typist. Rates negotiable. 01-892 8874.

THE TYPING POOL a women's co-operative.
Professional low cost typing of articles, theses,
letters etc. from script or tape. Translation and
typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian.
Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

DIXIE IN SUMMER — professor offers
sizeable two bedroom flat cooled by air
conditioner & ceiling fans; fenced garden,
walking distance shops; small town with big
university; exchange similar preferably near
London late June through early September or
part. Fabel, 203 West Drake, Auburn, Al.
36830, USA.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ACADEMICS VISITING. We have furnished
flats near British Museum and Universities —
Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275.

LONDON N6. Quiet, spacious ground floor
room. Cooker, fridge, sink. Non-smoker
preferred. £150 p.c.m. Tel. 01-340 6560.

TUSCANY. Our hillside village house. 4 double
bedrms. 4 receptions, chapel, c.h., £150-£225
p.w. Iacopucci, Via Francesi, 55026 Bagni di
Lucca Fornoli. Tel. 010 39 583 87505.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

NS REPORTER, non-smoker, male, house-
trained, seeks quiet, pleasant room, conducive
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